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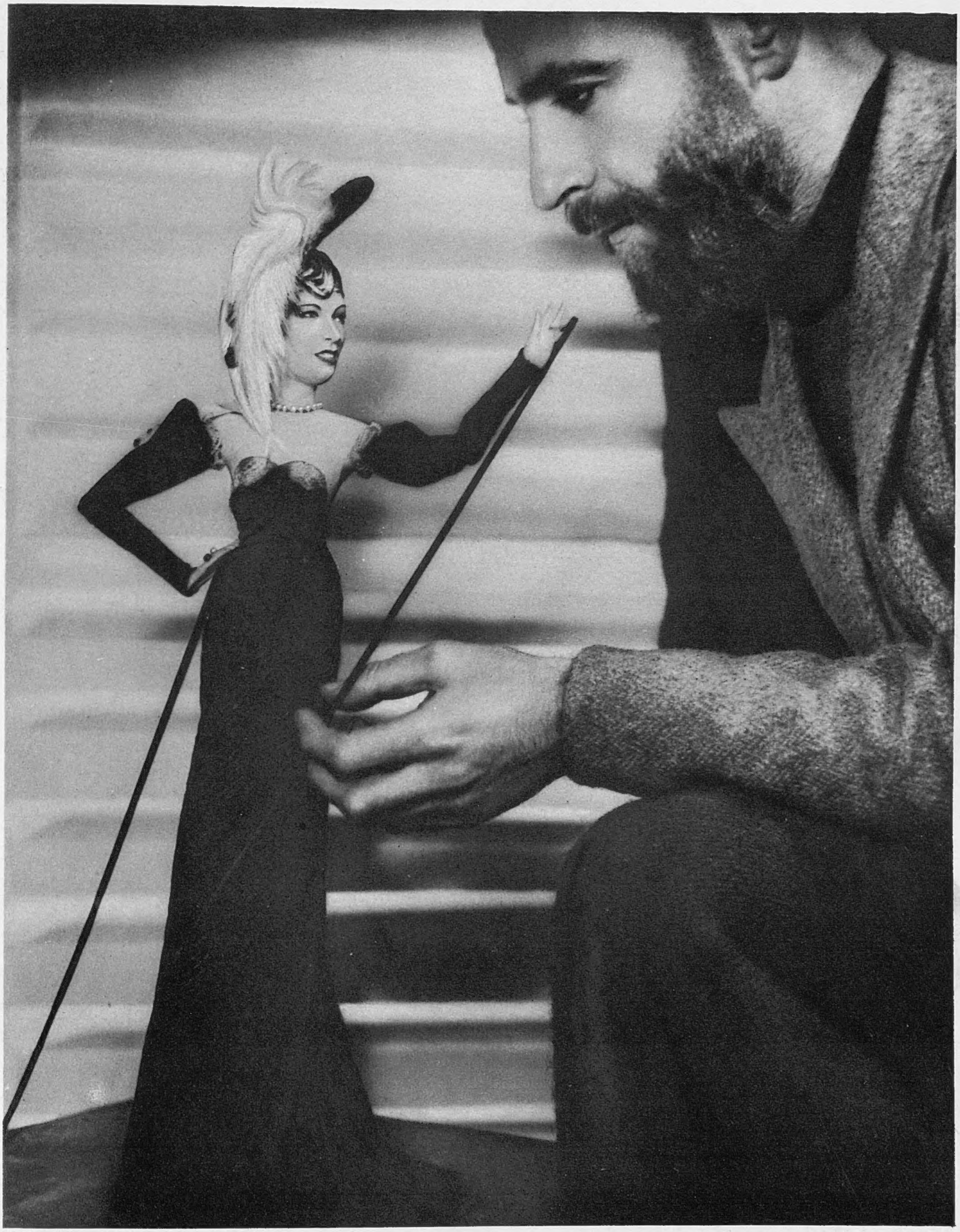
The Sketch

No. 2177.—Vol. CLXVIII. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1934. ONE SHILLING.



PHOTOGRAPH BY ANGUS MCBEAN.

ANGUS McBEAN MAKES MAE WEST DANCE.

MR. ANGUS McBEAN is here posed with the life-like working model of MISS MAE WEST which is one of his clever productions. The Man and the Puppet for a change, after the more usual version of "La Femme et le Pantin"! Mr. McBean is the artist who made the wonderful mask representing Miss Frances Doble which Miss Wendy Toye wore for the dancing scene in "Ballerina." [redacted]

MOTLEY NOTES.

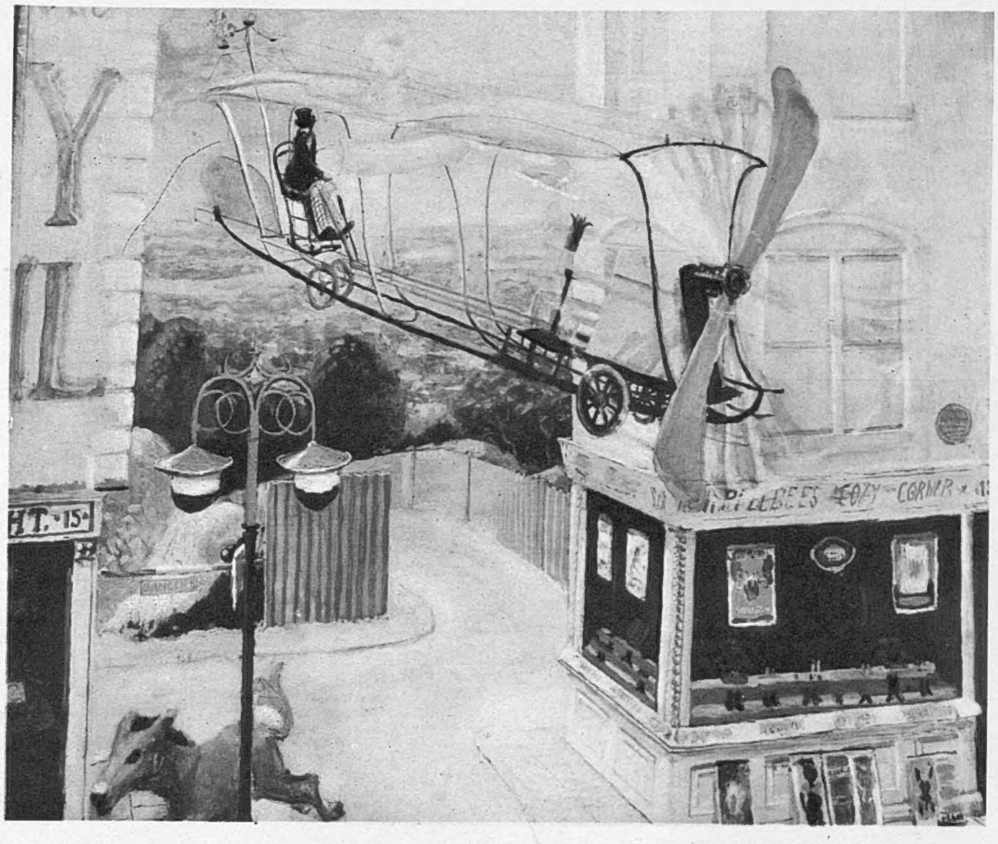
By ALAN KEMP.

SPELLING.

IT was, if I mistake not, Artemus Ward (no plus-two speller himself) who said that Chaucer might be a great poet, but he was the bummest speller that he, Artemus, had ever come across. A very sound criticism, too. Take this, for instance—and I quote it partly because it is characteristic Chaucer, and partly because it is the only line of that distinguished writer which I happen to remember—

When that Aprille with his shoures soote.

I mean to say, I ask you! Is that spelling? Is that a system? A man who can't distinguish between "sweet" and "soot" ought not to write at all; he ought to employ a competent secretary. And Chaucer was not the only one—many celebrated literary men have been weak on spelling. Shakespeare was simply terrible. To the end of his life he could not make up his mind whether he was Shakespeare, Shakspear, Shakspere, or Sharkspire. They *did* teach him small Latin and less Greek at the Stratford Grammar School, but they never taught him any spelling at all. Hence it has been argued that, being practically illiterate, he cannot have written all those plays, and he merely lent his name (or one of his names) to Bacon. But here we must be cautious. There is no evidence that Bacon was himself a better speller than Shakespeare, because if you have a name like Bacon, it is just too easy. Even if you were called Ham, you might spell it Hamm or Hamme, but you can't very well go wrong with Bacon. I mean, Bayckonne doesn't seem to *go* somehow, does it?



"Sun, Speed, and Steam; or, the Amazing Aeronaut" is the title which CAREL WEIGHT gives to this picture, on view at his one-man show at the Cooling Galleries. The picture was suggested to him by "Rain, Speed, and Steam," Turner's famous study of the old "Puffing Billy" train. Mr. Weight's work is a very entertaining fantasy in the modern manner.

Quite humble persons, with no literary pretensions, suffer from this spelling trouble. They become horribly confused, for example, about "harass" and "embarrass." They are never quite happy about the strange distribution of *l's* in "parallel": and as for "unparalleled," they simply won't believe it. Countless thousands go through life spelling "accommodate" with one *m*. Positive millions read, write and pronounce the word "dissociate" as "disassociate." Then there are the vast hordes of those who give "Britannia" two *t's* and one *n*. "Irrelevant" is "irrevelant" to large sections of the community, and the word "desiccate" has caused many a nasty crash. We all have our little peculiarities in this matter. I once knew a man who would have been very indignant if you had told him that he was not highly educated, but to the end of his days he wrote and pronounced "permanent" as "permament." I remember hearing a politician once, in a public speech, refer repeatedly to the "insurality" of the British nation. All these bad spellers and pronouncers are governed by one principle—namely, that what the eye does not see, the heart does not grieve for. They never really *read* a word. As far as that goes, none of us do: we all see words flickering by, out of the tails of our eyes. Even compositors, whose business it is to *see* words, are occasionally subject to this weakness. I have often tested this with the word "professorial." It does not matter how clearly you write or type it, the compositor, nine times out of ten, will set it up as "professional."

It is all very tiresome, and there is a determined revolt against it. We all know what Mr. Bernard Shaw thinks about it: the late Poet Laureate took a strong line: and recently a learned Cambridge professor has been telling the readers of *The Times* what nonsense it all is. "We shou'd," says the Professor, "rebel along general lines. We must leav for the present some petty isolated fortresses unattackt, such as 'sponge' for 'spunge.' Let us in any case refuse the miserable 'ie' and 'ei' of 'believe' and 'receive,' and boldly write 'beleev' and 'receev.' Let us cut off the idle 'e' which hangs on to so many of our words, while retaining 'e' in 'shave' and 'fine' and 'lone,' where it tels us of the quality of the preceeding 'a' and 'i' and 'o.' Let us renounce the shuddering '-ough,' and confess that 'cof' and 'enuf' and 'tho' and 'throu' are good words."

But enuf. You doubtless follo the argument. I respectfully sujjest one or two objeckshuns.

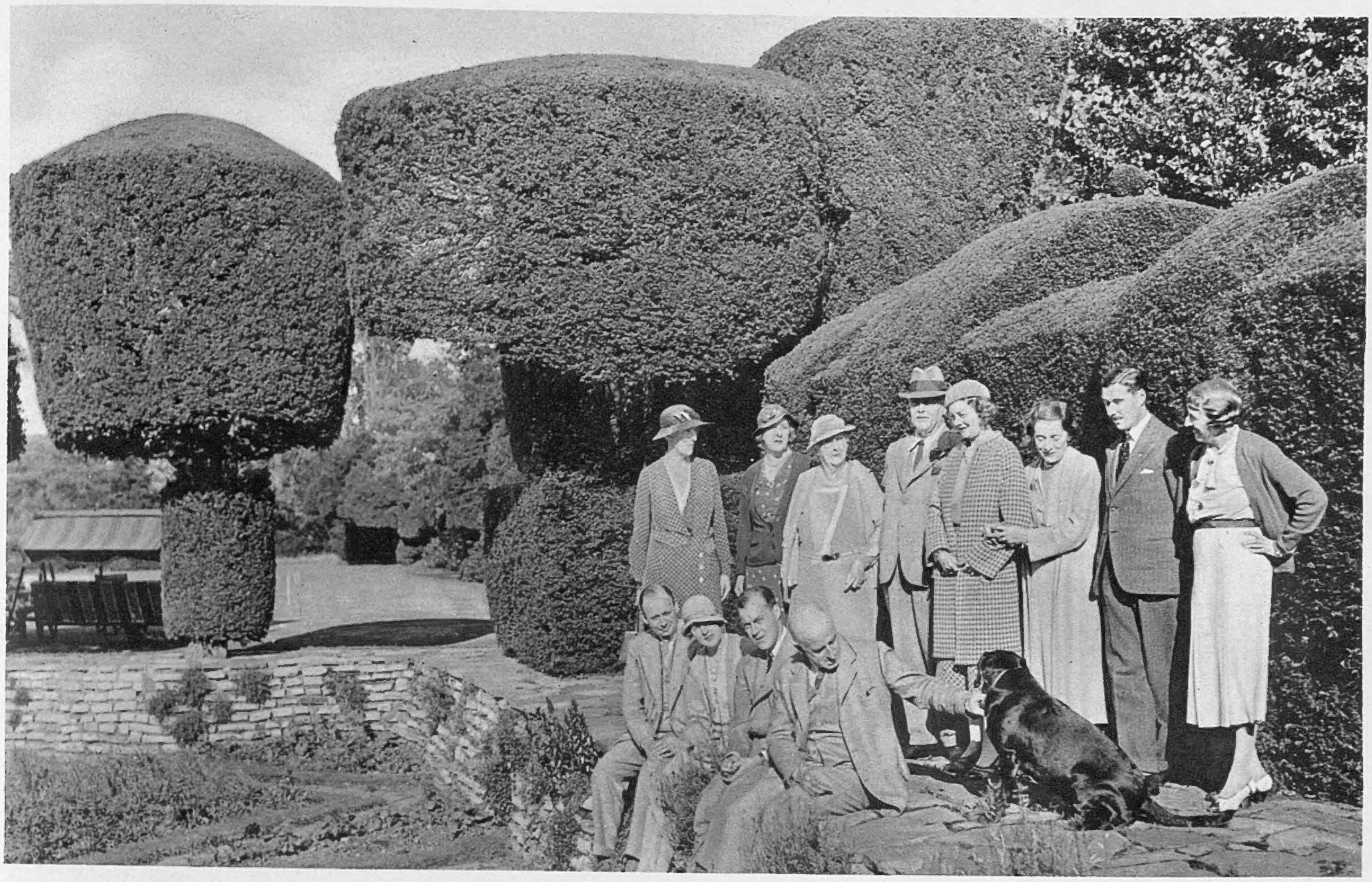
First, language is not, and never has been, a perfectly logical structure. Least of all human things is it a deliberate, rational invention. It grows in a singularly Topsy-like fashion. No doubt it could easily be rationalized, at Cambridge, or elsewhere, but it would then cease to be language.

Secondly, I for one absolutely refuse to learn my spelling all over again on historico-philological principles. The Professor says: "Let us learn a little more of the history of our language from such a book as Skeat's 'Etymological Dictionary,' Oxford, 1910, or from a later and better book, if there be one." I have the greatest respect for Skeat's "Etymological Dictionary," but I flatly decline to consult it every time I have to write a few well-chosen words. It seems to me much easier and more sensible to accept the English language as it is, with all its orthographical oddities, than to reconstruct it all according to Skeat.

And thirdly, I am afraid of what may happen, once we begin to play about with spelling. There may be other schools of thought besides that of our logical professor. There lies before me a copy of an extremely advanced publication, and in it I find (among many others of the same kind) the following lines—

Ther canne be an olde man andde woman to sitte bye my fir
Lyke harvest aples or corn or wynter candles to
Rypene my eye andde sitte oute clenely andde swetely
I cannot laye my tablesylver andde lynen andde candleslyghte
And the olde wyne softe rubious as a bryghte eye dymmed
And the olde wyne softe as candleflayme as yellowe andde clear
Withoutte my flors sqekinge shyely andde my rafters syghinge . . .

But aggayne I saye, enougghe! "Sqekinge" and "syghinge" have finished me. This is worse than Chaucer, and I don't think even Shakespeare would have stood for it. Besides, the rest of this poem gets a little fresh, and I think we had better keep the party clean. I don't know what they think of this New Orthography at Cambridge, but it shows you what may happen when people go all Bolshie about speling (or spellyngge).



This group was taken in the garden of Yew Place, and shows MRS. OSCAR LEWISOHN (formerly Miss Edna May, the famous "Belle of New York") and her guests after a lunch-party. The names are (l. to r.) MISS WILLIAMS, MRS. EARDLEY-WILMOT, MRS. PETTIE (mother of Mrs. Lewisohn), MR. H. CHALMERS ROBERTS, MRS. FRANK SCOTT - MURRAY, the HOSTESS, MR. V. C. BUCKLEY, and MISS JANE MAY.

(Left) The charm of Yew Place is illustrated by this group. It shows (from l. to r.) MR. STEPHEN EARDLEY-WILMOT, MRS. PETTIE, mother of the hostess, MR. HENRY CHALMERS ROBERTS, MRS EARDLEY-WILMOT, MRS. FRANK SCOTT-MURRAY, MR. ALFRED HALFORD, and MISS WILLIAMS. Seated on the steps are MRS. LEWISOHN, the hostess (formerly Miss Edna May), LADY SEGRAVE, MR. JOHN COCKERELL, and MR. V. C. BUCKLEY.

THE FORMER EDNA MAY ENTERTAINS.

LADY HARCOURT—IN PADDOCK, PIGSTY AND GARDEN.

LADY HARCOURT, the wife of the second Viscount, takes a great interest in the livestock on her husband's estate—Nuneham Park, Oxford. So do her daughters, the HON. ELIZABETH ANN and the HON. PENELOPE HARCOURT, who were born in 1932 and 1933 respectively. Lady Harcourt was the Hon. Maud Elizabeth Grosvenor, and is the daughter of the fourth Lord Ebury.

The HON. ANN HARCOURT, who was born in 1932, is giving her doll a ride on one of the dogs, assisted by LADY HARCOURT.

The Nuneham pigs live in such a very clean, tidy pigsty that LADY HARCOURT thinks nothing of taking the HON. ANN HARCOURT in to make friends with them.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SWAEBE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY YEVONDE.

POUDRÉE AND BRUNETTE: LADY LISBURNE AND HER DAUGHTER.

The COUNTESS OF LISBURNE, wife of the seventh Earl of Lisburne, is one of the loveliest women in society, with her prematurely white hair, which gives a poudrée effect, and her lovely dark eyes. She is a daughter of Don Julio de Bittencourt, the Chilean diplomat, and is a perfect type of Spanish beauty. Her eldest daughter, LADY GLORIA VAUGHAN, who made her début this year, resembles her mother very closely. She has beautiful dark eyes and dark hair. The five photographs of Lady Gloria, arranged above the portrait of Lady Lisburne, show the resemblance very well.

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

WHILE trolling in Lough Mask on Sept. 23, Mr. Thomas Malia caught a splendid trout of 18¾ lb. News of this interesting capture was sent to me by Miss Norman Teacher, of Clonbur, Co. Galway, who also sent me some scales and the photograph she took of Mr. Malia with his 35-in. fish. This type of large lake trout used to be called "Ferox" under the mistaken impression that it was a distinct type. A few anglers still persist in using this obsolete term, and appear to think that these trout are distinguished by their cannibalistic habits. To a certain degree this is correct, inasmuch as these big lake trout are confirmed cannibals, whereas their smaller relations only follow their example when other food is scarce. In rivers, particularly those in which the fishing depends on artificial stocking, large old trout are rightly considered undesirable, as the damage they do in the course of a season may easily nullify re-stocking efforts. In a large lake, however, the presence of these big trout is a very different proposition. Examination of the scales of the 18¾-lb. trout from Lough Mask shows that it was about ten and a half years old, and had spawned during each of the last eight winters. This unbroken record of generative exuberance would abundantly repair the loss of stock occasioned by the trout's voracity. Mr. Malia's trout is the heaviest that has been taken in the British Isles for several years, as far as I can recollect. As a general rule, these big trout can only be caught by trolling.

This is the result of TWO DAYS' FISHING on a mid-Norwegian river. The total weight was 143½ lb., and the individual weights ranged from 5 lb. to 41½ lb.

Fishing in Mid-Norway. News from Norway has been scarce this season, so I have no idea how the majority of British anglers have fared over there. The only angler back from Norway from whom I have heard is my old friend Mr. M. W. C. Smelt, the popular hon. secretary of the Gresham Angling Society. This season was not his first visit to Norway by a score and a half, but he informs me that he had the best fishing he ever struck over there. In twelve days' actual fishing on the Inner Sogn, Mr. Smelt, a friend, and their ghillies landed 50 salmon, total weight, 807 lb., and 40 sea-trout, 104 lb. The average weight of the salmon was 16 lb., and the heaviest weighed 41½ lb. The landing of this fish was accompanied by some excitement and nearly ended in disaster. Perched in a precarious position in a steep rocky place, the ghillie pulled the gaff into the fish, and then found it too heavy to handle. Fortunately, the gaff was a strong one and help near at hand. Of the sea-trout, the best weighed 8½ lb., and the average was 2½ lb. Mr. Smelt throws some light on what happens to flies—and, incidentally, spoons—in winter. He states that the river they fished runs very low during the winter months, and the ghillies spend their spare time hunting for lost gear—as many as eleven spoons have been recovered from one pool.

Tunny Off Cornwall. Towards the end of August an agent of the British Sea Anglers' Society reported from Cadgwith, Cornwall, that he had seen three tunny close inshore. On Oct. 3 Mr. A. E. Cooper, joint hon. secretary of the British Tunny Club, brought some interesting news to me. First, he mentioned that a B.S.A.S. member, Mr. V. E. A. Smith, was fishing off Coverack during the last week in September, when he heard a heavy fish jump near the boat. He did not see it, but his boatman did, and described it as a very large fish with a tail like that of a mackerel. Now for the news—a wire was received at the Society's headquarters on Oct. 3, stating that a shoal of tunny had been seen close to the shore, and the size of fish was estimated to range from 50 lb. to 200 lb. One fish was hooked by Mr. Cyril Keene, but no further details were given. Mr. Cooper added that Mr. Smith, who is back in town, had informed him that he had received a letter from Colonel D'Arcy Clarke, written on the evening of Oct. 2, in which the Colonel described how he had seen a shoal of garfish being chased, and a tunny of at least 200 lb. jump clear of the water. He also stated that there were rumours of several tunny having been landed by commercial fishermen at Porthleven and Newlyn. This has since proved incorrect.

What are These Tunny?

This news is extremely interesting, but at the same time very puzzling—at least, I find it so, and others with whom I have discussed the report are also at a loss to account for the size of these fish. As is generally known, the North Sea tunny average round about 500 lb. or 600 lb., and are rarely seen to leap. What are these Cornish tunny of from 50 lb. to 200 lb. which leap out of the water? Long-finned tunny—like the specimen illustrated in *The Sketch* of Aug. 15—only reach a weight of about 60 lb., I believe, so they appear to be ruled out. Discussing the question with Mr. Mitchell-Henry, who did not go out after tunny while in Yorkshire recently, we came to the conclusion that they must be young tunny, about the same age as those found off Catalina Island, where they are called tuna, and are said to be a different variety of the same family. It occurs to me that they may be fish which have not spawned; but so little is known about the life-history of tunny that theorising is likely to lead one astray.

It is some years since a TROUT OF THIS SIZE, 18¾ LB., was caught in the British Isles. Mr. Thomas Malia landed this fine fish from Lough Mask on September 23.

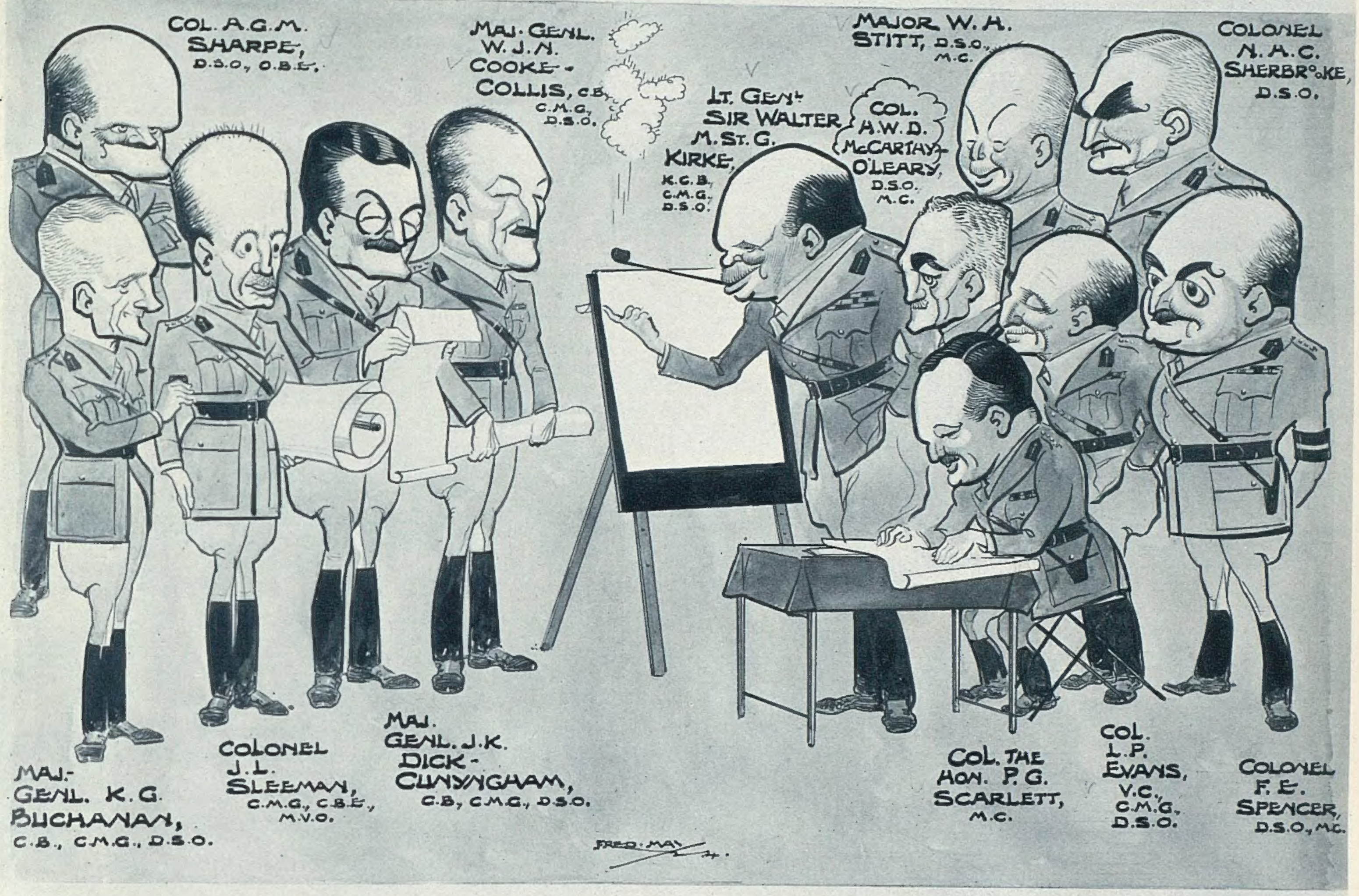
BOBBY ALLEN, of Seattle, Wash., hooked a 26-lb. salmon in Puget Sound, and although the fish was almost as big as the boy, he finally landed it after a long tussle.

I HAVE HEARD THAT——

In November a new book by the Rt. Hon. J. W. Hills, P.C., M.P., is to be published. Major Hills tells the story of one of the best-known river keepers, William James Lunn.

Lady Ward has had several one-day catches of five and six fish on the Tay recently, where excellent sport is being enjoyed for the finish-up of the season.

R. L. MARSTON.



WITH THE G.H.Q., WESTERN COMMAND, CHESTER.

These sketches were made by Fred May during Tactical Exercises somewhere in Cheshire. The Western Command consists of H.Q. and the 53rd, 55th, and 42nd Divisions. Lieut.-General Sir Walter M. St. G. Kirke is the General Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Western Command. The 53rd Division is commanded by Major-General J. K. Dick-Cunyngham; Major-General W. J. N. Cooke-Collis commands the 55th Division; and the 42nd Division is commanded by Major-General K. G. Buchanan. The weather conditions were bad, but the operations and results were carried out according to plan.

LONDON ASIDES.

By PAMELA MURRAY.

The marriage of **MR. ALEC M. MITCHELL,** *son of Lieut.-Col. Alexander Mitchell, of Tulliallan, Kincardine-on-Forth, and Monksford St. Boswell's, and the* **HON. ROSEMARY BALFOUR,** *second daughter of Lord and Lady Kinross, was fixed for Friday last, October 12, at St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh.*

VISCOUNT *and* **VISCOUNTESS HAMPDEN** *are here seen taking a stroll in London. Lady Hampden is a sister of the Duke of Buccleuch.*

H.R.H. PRINCESS INGRID *was snapped reading on the deck of s.s "Vasaland" when returning from Greece, where she has been touring with her father and step-mother, the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Sweden. The photograph was taken on arrival at Istambul, Turkey.*

MISS EVELYN BAIRD, *eldest daughter of Lady Hersey Baird, of Lennoxlove, Haddington, is a well-known figure at North Berwick.*

IN spite of contrary chatter, October opened quietly. The waning slump accounts for longer holidays and extended country hospitality. Is it possible that the pendulum 's swinging back to the land, that ungrateful vixen inarticulately worshipped by our forbears, but noisily debunked of recent years by those to whom built-up areas represent wide open spaces ? Ever since Oscar Wilde was so very funny about the land, it has been difficult for fashionables to rusticate, except in the manner of Marie Antoinette *au hameau du Petit Trianon*—with variegated artificiality. Dare we hope that John Collier's most recent hero is prophetic ? Will smart young men soon eschew restaurants for farms, talking less of Follies and more of flowers—not in the manner of Mr. B. Nichols, but with bucolic emphasis or with witty wisdom, like E. V. Lucas when he gets his teeth into a Cox's Orange Pippin, as he did two Sundays ago ? Meanwhile, the restaurants—judging by Quaglino's fifth "birthday" party—have no immediate cause for alarm.

This was the perfect party. Most people knew each other and, not having met for some months, were well disposed. In fact, a haze of goodwill predominated, and when Lady Charles Cavendish "kindly consented to cut the birthday-cake" there were calls for mine host, who hid behind monster candles and with diplomacy avoided speech-making. Never in London have we danced to such a supreme band as the three Cubans, who relieved the more than adequate house band after midnight. They had rhythm, and they had everybody beat because they changed the beat so often and so unexpectedly that following was like playing musical bumps. The cabaret was also all cabaret should be if it is to be at all. A "Southern Belle" danced a rumba, and two guys from the States sang a few bright ditties. That was all. We confess a preference for brief and intimate cabaret as the word is understood in Paris. But the fashion is all for floor shows—gigantic affairs which produce hysteria in their producers (genial Clifford Whitley being the rule's exception) and hilaria in their audiences. Yet we 're not alone in thinking that soon the show will be too big for the setting. Clifford already talks of taking a theatre for his productions. He 's right. They belong to the stage more than to the restaurant, but, so long as they continue to draw, all 's well in an ailing world.

PARTY FACES. Lady Jersey laughing at the song about a Countess. Peggy Gordon Moore, Barbara Hastings and her fiancé laughing at Peter Stewart's sallies.

Diana Chamberlain, Shelagh Morrison-Bell, and Jeanne Stourton among spirited girls.

Together—Mrs. ("Libby") Ffennell, Mrs. Cecil Brownhill, and Mrs. Durham-Mathews, those three great friends.

Drogo Montagu looking handsomer than when he was a very young man. In middle age he may be impressively so.

Lady Earle, vivid and voluble, arriving from a dressmaker's party.

The Harold Huths leaving arm-in-arm.

Teddy Wagg with his brother and sister-in-law, the Spanish-eyed Katherine, who should be painted by Beltran-Massés—all amber and jade.

On another night out the Pat Andersons were sampling a Dorchester menu, she as well dressed as ever, though not in sequins, which covered dozens known for their "individuality." It 's boring to see women of every age wearing the same dress in the same colour (momentarily "midnight blue"), and high time that a gentle satirist like A. P. H. made mock of Mass Model Mania. Lady Poulett and Mrs. Corlette Glorney were successfully "gowned," as the catalogues say; and we liked the bit of black ribbon in Mrs. Eric Martin Smith's fair hair. Lady Dalrymple-Champneys evidently believes in the picture frock revival rampant in Paris. Lady Veronica Hornby has brushed her willing waves into yet another formation, crinkled this time and faintly baroque. Miss Tiny Sword dances, also Mrs. ("Tina") Halsey, the latter happily recovered from her serious illness. Mrs. Bainbridge has a lacquered cloth-of-gold—effective, though easily remembered. Her husband 's no longer known by his nickname—just Emerson. Lord Ronaldshay, we note, has a diffident, self-effacing manner, and Lord Poulett an unrehearsed smile.

When you read this, "By Appointment" will have opened for better or for worse—we hope for longer, as "presented by Peter Maurice" means that Peter Koch de Gooreynd has ventured from publishing into

grease-painted pastures. He and his pretty young wife had a party afterwards, for which his mother crossed from their baronial Belgian background. Kennedy Russell's tunes for Maggie Teyte to sing are appealing. We got an advance earful, "urgent business" in Paris preventing us applauding the première, which coincided with Paris openings, not to be confused with the fashion shows, now empty of buyers and full of clients.

Diana Wynyard, her chatty "girls-together" manner unimpaired by Hollywood, bustling from basin to dryer at a Dover Street saloon where Lady Stanley and Lady Astbury (one of our handsomest Americans) were being titivated.

Princess Otto von Bismarck skipping girlishly through a traffic lane, having left it rather late. An angry driver, seeing so fair a lady, forgot his quarrel.

The new home of the Royal Institute of British Architects in Portland Place is the cause of much conjecture among persons of taste. The King is opening on the ninth of next month. A South African artist whose talent blossomed in America—Jan Juta—has made the decorative panels by a process of his own. Fragile designs, yet bold, are in silver inlay on glass. We prophesy their success will result in glass rooms replacing white rooms—not naked mirrors like a glorified bath-room, but something ornate, altogether new and desirable. Juta, who visits Knole and other great houses, drinking in the beauties of another age, is also at work with Sir Herbert Baker on the interior of South Africa House. He 's painted some fine cartoons of early settlers settling in. All very direct and human, with quaint local colour and ample historical data. "His pictures are books!" as Lamb petulantly exclaimed of Hogarth. Why not in this age, which likes knowledge made easy, learning at a glance?

Lunching at the Embassy—Harriet Harriman well turned-out; C. B. Cochran with preoccupied mien; Jacques Cartier being congratulated on the engagement of his charming daughter, Alice, to one of St. Moritz's ski-ing aces—Carl Nater. Also lunching was Mrs. Willoughby Norman, whose parents, Lord and Lady Trent, recently gave an impressive Highland Ball for their newly-acquired tenants at Glenborrodale Castle. It was also in honour of their daughter's marriage. The Boot family, who hail from Nottingham, are a welcome acquisition in Argyll.

Last week's most exclusive cocktail-party was given by Lady (Diana) FitzHerbert in honour of her newly-arrived guest, *la belle* Adrienne Ames, who 's going to make a big picture (are pictures ever small?) at Elstree. The little house in Chandos Street was crammed with lilies, attendant swains, and Mrs. "Walla" Simpson in a coat punched with leather stamps.

GOOD LUCK to Captain Alan Dower, M.P., who 's been adopted prospective Conservative candidate for Mid-Cumberland! They 're buying a property in that wild and unspoilt (in spite of the poets) county.

MISS DIANA BATTYE (l.) and VISCOUNTESS LONG OF WRAXALL are among those who have been enjoying the delights of October sunshine at North Berwick. Lady Long was Miss Laura Charteris. She was married last year.

LADY VIOLET PAKENHAM, third sister of the Earl of Longford, is engaged to Mr. Anthony Dymoke Powell, the novelist, only son of Lieut.-Col. P. L. W. Powell. The Pakenham family are closely connected with literature and the arts, for Lord Longford is a playwright, Lady Longford is a witty novelist, and Lady Pansy Lamb, Lord Longford's eldest sister, is the wife of the artist Mr. Henry Lamb.

MISS JULIE and MISS ROWENA DUTTON are daughters of the Hon. Mrs. Dutton and of the late Admiral the Hon. Arthur Dutton. They are both keen golfers and well-known figures at North Berwick.

VISCOUNTESS WEYMOUTH (right) is here chatting to LADY SYBIL LYGON. Lady Sybil is certainly very tall, but in this photograph she has added quite a cubit to her stature by standing on a step.

ABOUT. Kathleen Lady Drogheda at the wheel of a sports car suited to her sporting personality.

Hovering on the curved curb of Hay Hill—Mrs. Edward Compton and Mrs. Myrtle d'Erlanger, sisters who are not, strictly speaking, alike, suddenly seeming so.

SHAKESPEARE GONE TO THE DOGS!

Theseus, describing his hounds in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," says: ". . . and their heads are hung with ears that sweep away the morning dew." Obviously, these hounds "bred out of the Spartan kind" were cocker spaniels!

"For so run the conditions" is how Sir Thomas Lovell prefaced his description of the new proclamation in "Henry VIII.," bidding courtiers "leave those remnants of fool and feather, that they got in France. . . ." The conditions of quarantine for strange dogs entering England run just as definitely to-day!

In the shipwreck scene with which "The Tempest" opens, Gonzalo cries out: "I would fain die a dry death." This dog, although he is not in the danger that he imagines, might echo the words. The drawings on this page are by Persis Kirmse, and will appear in her forthcoming book, "Shakespeare at the Kennels."

(Right) "Methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face," said Bottom, when provided with an ass's head in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." This hirsute dog might say the same, and, equally, he might charm a Queen to pet him.

'CHASING IN SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY.

1. This trio consists of LADY WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE (formerly Miss Rachel Wrey), MRS. SMITH BINGHAM, and MRS. PEPYS.

2. MISS F. C. HARMOOD-BANNER had the woolliest of fur gloves, and tricky little epaulettes to her coat. She is talking to MR. HODGKINSON.

3. MR. BAILEY, MR. PETER WIGGIN, MISS BAILEY, and MRS. PETER WIGGIN were all at Stratford-on-Avon Steeplechases. Mrs. Wiggin was Miss Livingstone-Learmonth.

4. MISS CRAMER-ROBERTS, MISS DEAN, and MR. DOUTY were prepared to face the wet weather at Stratford-on-Avon.

5. MISS BEE BATLIVALA (left) and MISS URSULA LIVINGSTONE - LEARMONTH were two of the smartest young girls present.

6. MISS CROFTON ATKINS knows how to look elegant in a mackintosh. She is with MR. F. A. WARD.

TWOPENNY FACTORY.

By EARDLEY BESWICK.

Author of "Original Design."

(BEING OUR SHORT STORY.)*

WHEN first the telephone-bell rang, Pelton rose patiently, wiped greasy hands on a lump of waste, and went to the works manager's office at the end of the workshops. Meanwhile the bell persisted, each ring giving the exasperating impression of impatience being displayed by an insignificant mechanism. "London Office" were enquiring if any part of the order would be ready that evening.

They were assured that it would be utterly impossible to make a delivery before morning, and Pelton could by no means guarantee that. At this they became insistent on the need for a definite, an unbreakable promise. As if one could foresee and overcome every hindrance that might be met with on a new and complicated job! At this point both sides grew a trifle sarcastic, irritated that there should be so obviously no formula that would equate their necessities. All London Office wanted was to be able to satisfy the customer by an easily made promise, but there was no sort of promise that might not prove difficult for Pelton to maintain. It annoyed him that they should seem so unimpressed by his assurance that everything should be done, and so indifferent to the information that he, Pelton, was stopping *all night* to see the job through. Apparently that was what they expected of their works managers in these twopenny factories: until a week before, Pelton had been assistant in a big, smooth-running works.

He hung up the receiver at last, and, returning to the workshop, sat down to continue drilling a seemingly infinite series of fine holes in uncouth little castings. He preferred working thus to a lolling supervision through the night—one could keep awake easier—and, knowing himself for an unsurpassed craftsman, he had selected the most exacting job. Besides, it seemed a chance to show the hands what sort of a man their new manager was. The metal quickly dulled the edges of his drill, and he had continually to touch up the point on an emery wheel. This delayed the job and irritated him beyond measure. His brain fumbled for a remedy.

The next time the bell rang it was his wife enquiring why he had not turned up for tea. Of course, he ought to have rung her; absorption in the job had made him inconsiderate of all else. She seemed a little irritable herself. "Must he?" she enquired peevishly. Of course he must. In a new job you had to show them early what you could do. No good worrying about the loss of a night's rest when you had your career to consider. She became reminiscent of domestic accidents that had curtailed his sleep the previous night. Confound women! Just when a fellow needed bucking up.

But he managed to remain gentle until she rang off, remembering her loneliness—both of them, unfortunately, remembering that. Then back he went to the bench again, where the confounded drills kept losing edge. It was 7.30 when he looked at his watch and counted the drilled castings. At this rate his end of the job would take until to-morrow afternoon.

Under the stress of this realisation he achieved an idea. He went up to the foreman and asked if they had any small-gauge silver-steel in the stores. To be truthful, he could have laid his hand on it, but he wanted the foreman to note what he was about to do. While they were in the stores, the telephone-bell rang for the third time.

No, he was not 1-9-5-0. He was "one, effive, ennine, oh!" A too-familiar mistake.

Back in the shop he selected his steel, ground up the point carefully, then heated it in a flame, holding the shank in a wet cloth. When the point was cherry-red he snapped it back into the cold, wet folds. "Fitzz!" it said spitefully.

He showed it to the foreman with a grin. "Glass-hard."

"All right if it don't break," said the foreman.

"That depends on the driller," Pelton vaunted.

And he got away with it. A high speed, a light touch, and no forcing was the recipe with such a drill-bit, and he had a great delicacy in such operations. The metal was thin. The holes went through it "Zip-zip!" Just like that. Pelton exulted. He had shown them something, and he knew that nothing takes a surer hold of the imaginations of workmen than the exhibition of a subtler technique than their own. Piece after piece flowed from his drill. At this rate he would be through drilling by five a.m.

The foreman interrupted: "Can't get that mastic to stick nohow." Pelton followed him to where a workman sat trying to stick little leather discs on metal. Yes, they'd tried warming the job, but the stuff just wouldn't go tacky. A messy business; the discs stuck so to one's hands, to the bench, to all things but the destined metal. At the fourth ring of the telephone he swore violently. He was fed up with fools who didn't know their fives from their nines.

"Damn it, stay here!" he snapped at the worried foreman. "Let the beastly thing ring till it's tired."

It must have continued ringing for ten minutes, so that at last he glanced half-humorously at the foreman, shrugged resignedly, and went to the office once more. When he got there, with the paper he had used to protect the door-handle still sticking to thumb and finger, the bell had ceased. There was no prompt reply to his "Hello!", so he jammed the receiver back real hard and returned to the shop.

But the break had done him good. He had thought of something. "Sure they're clean?" he asked for the second time. "Who cleaned them?" Put that way, it elicited a less confident response. So he made them wash the metal in petrol, after which the discs stuck splendidly. Withholding the due irony, he strode off to his drill. Silence, he felt, was more conducive to its sinking in.

For an hour now there were no more snags, though once he broke the point of his drill. That was a sign he was tiring, and confirmed the fatigue pains that were spreading excruciatingly up the back of his neck from their focus between his shoulder-blades. Still, the making of a new bit was equivalent to a rest, and helped him on to twelve o'clock, when they stopped work for a meal.

Coffee livened him up. Good stuff, coffee, on these stunts! He arranged for further supplies at 3 and 6 a.m., knowing the bad times that were to come.

They came, assuredly. Aches crept up the back of his neck and spanned his forehead, until only to move his head was a sharp pain, and he tried to hold it rigid. Pride in "showing them," enthusiasm, had ebbed. Two things only held him—the impetus of an original determination and the knowledge that the men, less strung, more solidly endurant, more innured, were observing him. He had to prove himself not inferior to them, even in their own special aptitudes. The superior man must remain superior in all he attempts, otherwise he would be wiser not to attempt. God, what a man had to go through with nowadays only to maintain forty pounds a month! That and his own pride, of course. The leather-sticker was assembling now. When all the parts were in, the cover would not close. Pelton went patiently to the assembly bench, inwardly pleased to note how haggard the foreman was looking. That, too, gave him new strength. Hell! Were they wrong with their machining? Carefully he "miked up" each separate piece. No errors on their part, thank heaven! Now to check the drawing, add up the dimensions, always a job he hated. Sixty-fourths of an inch are so confusing. Twice he was hopelessly wrong. Then the foreman tried. He made it even worse. So they next tackled it together, mutually confirming each step. The drawing, too, was correct. Baffled, they put one together. The cover closed with a beautiful precision. It was some minutes before they discovered that the leather-sticker had assembled a shouldered collar upside down.

Dawn came. Grey light filtering through dirty glass found them all assembling furiously. The job was working out, the end assured. Pelton exulted. No home, no bed for him this side of the new day's work. He sent out for breakfast, fed, and settled down to tackle his correspondence. He had got his second wind.

Early the telephone resumed its exasperation. London Office blandly to tell him that, in view of his last night's pessimism, the Guv'nor had sought the customer at his club, persuading him to accept an alternative line from stock. They had tried to 'phone him last night, to tell him there was no need to bother. Made, were they? That was a pity. Better put them into stock.

THE END.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

MR. ROBERT HARRIS and MISS CELIA JOHNSON—FOR ENJOYING A YEAR IN "THE WIND AND THE RAIN."

TO look back with pleasure on a year of wind and rain falls to the lot of few people, however robust their tastes! MR. ROBERT HARRIS and MISS CELIA JOHNSON, however, can do so, for they play leading parts in the successful comedy which reaches its first anniversary at the St. Martin's on Thursday, October 18 (to-morrow).

MRS. T. O. M. SOPWITH, the only woman member of "Endeavour's" crew—FOR TAKING THE PILGRIMS BACK TO THE "MAYFLOWER."

MRS. T. O. M. SOPWITH was the only woman to attend the dinner given by the Pilgrims Club to the crew of the "Endeavour" last week. She was invited in virtue of her position as the only woman member of the yacht's crew. The Earl of Derby, the chairman, humorously said that he had asked the Secretary of the Club if there was any precedent for a lady being present at a Pilgrims' dinner, and that the Secretary had to go back to the "Mayflower"!

THIS "ENDEAVOUR" IN ICE—FOR HER COOL SAILING AND FOR BEING RECEIVED WITH ANYTHING BUT PROTESTS.

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. T. O. M. Sopwith and the crew of the "America's" Cup challenger, "Endeavour," were entertained by the Pilgrims at dinner at the Hotel Victoria, Northumberland Avenue, the *glacier*, Mr. J. H. McMillan, excelled himself in imagination and in technique by producing a fine model of the yacht in ice, which was wheeled about among the guests. Mr. Sopwith was specially taken with it.

MRS. JACK FELL-CLARK—FOR MAKING A DUCK OF A SHOT OVER THE SWANS AT RANELAGH.

WHEN she was playing in the Ladies' Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh, arranged by the "Bystander," MRS. JACK FELL-CLARK so hit a ball that it fell close to where the swans were waddling about; but even their snow-white beauty did not cause her to take her eye off!

MR. JOHNNY WEISSMULLER, the famous film actor whose appearance in the title-rôle of "Tarzan" was such a success, is a champion swimmer and racing diver. To the delight of the bathers at the Empire Pool, Wembley, the other day, he gave a demonstration of the start of the racing dive.

MR. W. RUSSELL FLINT, R.A.—FOR WANTING THE POTATO-COLOURED "HIKER" TO ADOPT GAYER UPPER-WORKS AND COLOURED BREEKLETS.

MR. W. RUSSELL FLINT, R.A., the famous artist, is well known for his lovely pictures of life in the "coloured countries" like Spain. He finds England a little drab, no doubt, and has just written to the "Times" to suggest that it would add to the gaiety of our countryside if hikers adopted gayer upper-works and coloured breeklets, instead of being satisfied with potato-colour or khaki. Mr. W. Russell Flint's Academy picture, "The Choice," is reproduced as our coloured double.

MR. JOHNNY WEISSMULLER—FOR POOLING HIS RACING DIVE SKILL WITH SWIMMERS AT THE EMPIRE POOL.

THE FIGHT FOR GLORIA VANDERBILT.

MRS. REGINALD VANDERBILT (centre) is the mother of Gloria Vanderbilt. She is leaving the Supreme Court, New York, with her sister, MRS. BENJAMIN THAW, and her lawyer, MR. NATHAN BURKAN. Mrs. Vanderbilt was married very young and widowed at twenty.

MRS. HARRY H. HAYS MORGAN (right), maternal grandmother of Gloria, and MRS. HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY, the child's aunt and present custodian, are here seen leaving the court.

MRS. EMMA KEISLICH, an Irishwoman who was Gloria's nurse from the child's infancy, is a witness in the case, which will decide who is to have the custody of the child. She is forty-five. Her evidence covered events in England, Paris, and Biarritz, as well as in America.

GLORIA VANDERBILT, the ten-year-old daughter of the late Mr. Reginald Vanderbilt and of Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt, is the subject of the great legal battle.

MUCH interest has been aroused by the legal battle in New York to decide who is to have the custody of Gloria Vanderbilt, the ten-year-old daughter of Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt. Mrs. Harry Hays Morgan (mother of Mrs. Vanderbilt) and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney are opposed to Mrs. Vanderbilt's application for the custody of her child. On the death of her husband, Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt was twenty years of age and thus a minor in American law and ineligible to assume legal guardianship of her child. Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt is the twin sister of Thelma, Lady Furness, and is well known in London and Parisian society, as well as in America. Her other sister, Mrs. Benjamin Thaw, is with her; and Thelma, Lady Furness, as well as various influential European friends, including Prince Hohenlohe-Langenberg and his wife, formerly Princess Marguerite of Greece, have gone to the U.S.A. to assist her in the case.

MLLE. MARIA CAILLOT, a French maid employed by Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt, gave much-discussed evidence in the case.

THE PERPETUAL BOX-HOLDERS OF "STREAMLINE."

(Left) There are four perpetual box-holders for "STREAMLINE," at the Palace, as the scenery for the sketch representing the "Eve-volution of the Stage" includes caricatures of a quartet of distinguished first-nighters. These two are the COUNTESS OF OXFORD (left) and MISS "OGGIE" LYNN.

The quartet of box-holders in the scenery of "Streamline" are completed by VISCOUNT CASTLEROSSE and LADY DIANA COOPER. Lord Castlerosse has changed his companion since the first night, for the original caricature represented Emerald, Lady Cunard. However, she told Mr. C. B. Cochran that she wished to forgo any claim to being a public figure, distinguished and well known though she is. Mr. Cecil Beaton, who designed the scenery, was, therefore, asked to make a change, and substituted the representation of Lady Diana Cooper.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE DALLISON.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

THE Egyptian Legation party to celebrate the anniversary of King Fuad's accession would have been the gayest gathering of the week under ordinary circumstances, for Mme. Hakki and her husband had planned a ball, as well as a reception. But of course the news of the tragedy of King Alexander's assassination changed everything. There was the ball-room with the dance floor cleared, and the band playing the loveliest of waltzes, but no one danced, though only about fifty per cent. of the guests were aware of the crime when they arrived, and so all the women were not in sombre dresses.

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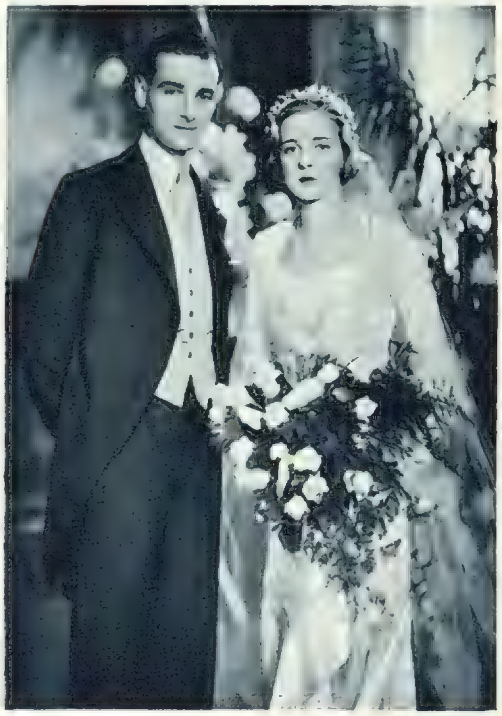
Mme. Hakki wore black velvet with bands of diamanté, very like the dress chosen by Lady Reading, one of the earliest arrivals. Lady Reading had shoulder decorations of a diamond bow brooch on one side and a spray on the other, which I though quite wizard; and Lady Allenby had a berthe of old lace on her black gown. I was interested to hear both Lord Allenby and Sir Ronald Storrs conversing fluently in Arabic, but most of us just talked English.

Lord Granard stayed a long time at the party, and so did Lady Snowden, who spent most of the evening seated on the sofa, which made a good background for her green velvet dress. No diplomats to speak of were present, though I heard that the American Ambassador and Mrs. Bingham looked in for a few moments.

Miss Joyce Montagu, who came with her mother, was one of the few girls to be seen; and Lady Dashwood was, as usual, one of the smartest women. She was all in black and had a diamond brooch in her dark hair—not to hold it back in the usual fashion, but just as an ornament.



MR. FRANCIS BASIL BANBURY, elder son of Mr. R. E. Banbury, of Chilcotes, Baldock, Herts, married MISS JASMINE VAN DE WEYER, youngest daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Van de Weyer, of Clyffe, Dorchester, at Holy Trinity, Brompton.

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The most original afternoon party was Baroness von Versen's reception "to meet her grandson." When the guests were announced, this important gentleman was not there to receive them, but his empty bassinette, draped with blue chiffon and ribbons, stood in the middle of the drawing-room. After tea in the dining-room, the guests trooped upstairs again and found Master Philip Laszlo II. lying in the cradle with his huge blue eyes wide open, ready to receive the homage of the general company. His mother, Mrs. Stephen de Laszlo, and his nurse were in attendance. The party honours were shared by Philip II. and his great-grandmother, Mrs. Carlisle. She looks young to be even a grandmother!

ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET SIR ROGER KEYES, whose "Naval Memoirs" have just been published by Thornton Butterworth, is here seen with LADY KEYES and the ship's Captain, CAPTAIN GIBBONS, during his voyage home from America on board the "Aquitania."

LADY LEON, MR. GERALD PLUNY, MRS. SOPWITH, and MR. T. O. M. SOPWITH are seen (l. to r.) round the table in our photograph. It was taken on board the "Aquitania," during the voyage home to England from America. Mr. Sopwith and the crew of the "Endeavour" were the guests of the Pilgrims Club last week at a dinner.

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Private View at the R.O.I. You could hardly see the pictures for the beards! They were of every shape and size. Spade, imperial, goatee—and all colours possible, including one or two of a fine shade of bright red. Mr. Angus McBean should have been there, with his grand scarlet specimen and its usual gay background of bright green tweed! There was a perfectly beautiful model walking about with wide green eyes, well lashed, and a blood-red ring on an index finger.

Miss Anna K. Zinkeisen has dipped very successfully into the underworld with her excellent picture of three villainous-looking men—"Doubtful Business." There are some delightful Websters, and lively and typical Greenhams. One artist I overheard telling a friend as he showed him his picture of ———: "Of course, I haven't *been* there, but that's no matter!" And it wasn't a case of "*In vino veritas.*" The painter was perfectly sober.

The marriage of MR. RONALD EUSTACE CUTHBERT QUILTER, elder son of the late Major Eustace Quilter and of Mrs. Quilter, of Belstead House, Ipswich, to MISS DOREEN MARY PARKER, elder daughter of the late Mr. Charles Sandbach Parker, of Fairlie House, Ayrshire, and of Mrs. Percy Lowe, was solemnised at St. Margaret's, Westminster.

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The picture-galleries are all waking up to their autumn responsibilities. Nevinson always draws a good house, and I was not surprised to see H. G. Wells at his private view at the Leicester Galleries, for the famous author is a great admirer of Nevinson's work. Mr. Osbert Sitwell, just back from China, was there too, and Violet, Lady Melchett, who is a connoisseur of pictures. The Dean of Westminster and Mrs. Foxley-Norris were two unusual people to encounter at a private view; and Sir Ronald Storrs, General Sir Ian Hamilton, and Mr. Mark Hambourg were others I met, to say nothing of "A. P. H." Men, in fact, outnumbered

The marriage of CAPTAIN CHARLES JOHN VERNON WENTWORTH, Grenadier Guards, elder son of Captain F. C. U. Vernon-Wentworth, R.N., to MISS AUDREY LIVERSIDGE, only daughter of Engineer Admiral E. W. Liversidge, took place at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks.

women, but the buyers included at least one well-known feminine enthusiast, Princess Troubetskoy. Mr. Nevinson said he was quite surprised to find that he had painted such gay, bright pictures after being ill for so long!

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I arrived at the Cooling Galleries to find a small china dog sharing one of the windows with a bouquet of white roses in a china vase! Then I went upstairs to the private view of Mr. Carel Weight's pictures, and discovered that this young painter has a fine sense of colour and a quaint sense of subject. He flies the flag of no special school and owns allegiance to no group. His flower studies have great quality and richness of colour, and he has some amusing titles for his other pictures. He draws upon his mother, godmother, and an uncle to act as models. What a nice example of family co-operation!

Lady Vyvyan, wife of the Air Marshal, came to the show; Lady Reading was about, and Mrs. Herbert Guedalla, sister-in-law of the famous Philip, bought a flower piece. Her title to fame does not rest entirely on her relationship to the historian, for she was formerly Miss Edith Leitch, the well-known golfer, and is a sister of Cecil Leitch.

This portrait of MRS. ARTHUR WAITE, daughter of Sir Herbert Austin and wife of Captain A. C. R. Waite, M.C., is a good example of the work of Mr. H. Septimus Power, the well-known Australian artist, who has just held an exhibition at the Arlington Gallery. Mr. Power is distinguished as an animal painter as well as for his portraits. During the war he was the official artist to the Commonwealth Government, and he was commissioned to paint the opening ceremony of the Federal Parliament, Canberra, by T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of York.

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Mrs. William Anstruther-Gray, formerly Miss Monica Lambton, made a lovely bride, I hear. She's nineteen, and her husband is the young M.P. who's interested in hunting and racing as well as in politics. She shares his enthusiasms, which were reflected in the presents, as these included horse-rugs, rollers, a bridle, and other stable furnishings from Miss Annette Usher, M.F.H.; and a saddle from Lady Susan Askew.

After leaving the church, St. Michael's, Ford, the bridal pair were held up by a rope stretched across at the gate! No gangster business about this; it was only the old North Country custom of "creeling," which means that bride and bridegroom must buy their right of exit by scattering silver. The bridegroom was well prepared for this toll, and threw out handfuls of coin to win release.

All the Border people turned up, including Lady Ellesmere, who came with Lord Brackley and Lady Mary Egerton to watch Lady Alice Egerton acting as bridesmaid. The weather behaved with tact, as the thunderstorm held off till everyone had gone into the huge marquee for refreshments at the reception at Fenton.

We are going to have some variety in the Exhibition Season this year, for the Scots Guards' Loan Show at 39, Grosvenor Square (by permission of the Duke of Westminster), from Dec. 1 to 23, will be a novelty. The Duke of York is not only a patron, but has written a foreword to the catalogue, in which he points out that the display has an interest far beyond the confines of a single regiment, and that the historian will find much to illustrate the late seventeenth century in Scotland, and eighteenth-century life at home and abroad, and that the collector will be delighted by the unique display of war medals, and the fine pictures by artists such as Kneller, Gainsborough, and Sargent.

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His Majesty is lending from Windsor Castle a Winterhalter portrait of Prince Arthur (H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught) at the age of five in the uniform of the regiment, and some other interesting things. What I specially look forward to seeing, however, is Bob, the regimental pet dog of the 1st Battalion Scots Fusilier Guards from 1853-60. He served with the Battalion throughout the Crimean War, and on his death was stuffed. He wears the medal presented to him for chasing cannon-balls at the battle of the Alma! The exhibition is being held in aid of the work of helping Guardsmen to find civil-life jobs; and regimental charities.

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Mrs. Robert Lindsay's two daughters must be used to their mother's periodical visits to Western Australia. They saw her off again at the week-end, and she will be out of England for some months, spending her time going round her various estates in the district of Perth, Western Australia. She has three different properties—one for each of her children, she says! Her only son, Robert, is in the Grenadiers, and is just as interested in the development of the properties as Mrs. Lindsay. So he is now on the way out there with her, as he has chosen this way of spending his leave. He will only have three weeks in Australia, but will enjoy the voyage there and back, no doubt.

Travelling up from Perth to Mrs. Lindsay's own place is no easy matter. She travels in a motor-lorry, often loaded up with building material, and it bumps along over the roughest of roads. Lavender grows like a weed out there and contains far more of the essential oil than our English lavender does, so one of Mrs. Lindsay's customs is to encourage the women to grow it and then to take it down to Perth to the one and only distillery for them. She's a sister-in-law of Lord Crawford, and is the mother of Mrs. Martin Lindsay and Mrs. Ayshford Sanford. Mrs. Sanford and her husband are going out to join Mrs. Lindsay in Australia in January, but they will all be back in town in time for the season of 1935, as they enjoy London life just as much as the rougher existence in the back-blocks "down under."

MARIEGOLD.

When the HON. SARA VANNECK, elder daughter of the Earl of Huntingfield, opened the Girl Guide Village at the Melbourne Town Hall, a Brownie, MISS BETTY LYNN, presented her with a bouquet.

The COUNTESS OF ANTRIM is one of the sitters for Peter North's series of "Significant Portraits," a 1934 Exhibition of Selected Photographs, which opens on October 23 at his studio at 28, Old Burlington Street. She was Miss Angela Sykes; is the youngest sister of Sir Richard Sykes, Bt.; and was married this year to the eighth Earl of Antrim (second creation).

FROM THE CAMERA PORT

SIGNIFICANT PORTRAITS OF SIGNIFICANT PEOPLE.

MISS DIANA BETHELL is the lovely daughter of the Hon. Mrs. James Beck and of Captain W. A. V. Bethell, and a débutante of the year. To explain his title of "Significant Portraits" for his photographs, Peter North says: "The significance of a portrait lies more in the portrayal of the many underlying moods and attitudes which go to make up character than in a mere reproduction of features. . . ."

THE MONTE CARLO FOLLIES GO WALT DISNEY.

Felix Ferry's "Monte Carlo Follies," now appearing at Grosvenor House, have gone all Walt Disney in "Another Good Mouse Gone Wrong." MISS HILDA KNIGHT appears as Mickey Mouse himself, and MISS EVELYN DALL is Minnie Mouse. The MISSES ROSALIE FROMSON, ESTELLE ESSEX, and ANNABELLE LANCASTER are the "Three Little Pigs"—and have successfully stuffed themselves into a semblance of true porcine plumpness. The other members of the troupe are pictured on either side of the top photograph.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SASHA

COPY OF THE ABOVE PICTURE WILL BE SENT POST FREE ON REQUEST FROM DEPT. S., DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LTD., ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

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SEZ GRAN'POP, "WHERE'S ITS STREAMLINE?"

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD, F.Z.S. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE ARTIST.)

DRIFTING BLINDLY INTO MATRIMONY:
THE SEÑORITA CHOOSES HER HUSBAND.

FROM THE PICTURE BY W. RUSSELL FLINT, SA

EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1934.

This beautiful picture by W. Russell Flint, R.A., was exhibited in this year's Royal Academy. His title for it is "The Choice," and it illustrates a Spanish girl choosing a husband from among various suitors. Each boat bears the name of an admirer, and, blindfold, the maiden grasps at one. This Spanish custom is a variant of methods of choosing a husband followed in many countries.

A SWISS BEAUTY:

MLLE. JACQUELINE PARAVICINI.

MLLE. JACQUELINE PARAVICINI is the younger daughter of the Swiss Minister and of Madame Paravicini. She was presented last season and is one of the most popular débutantes of the year.

COLOUR PHOTOGRAPH BY YEVONDE.

KESTOS
BRASSIÈRE & CORSETRY

Behold the Kestos Brassière and Girdles — engagingly naïve and inconsequential in appearance— yet these lovely little garments exert a complete mastery over unruly curves, imparting youthful charm and elegance.

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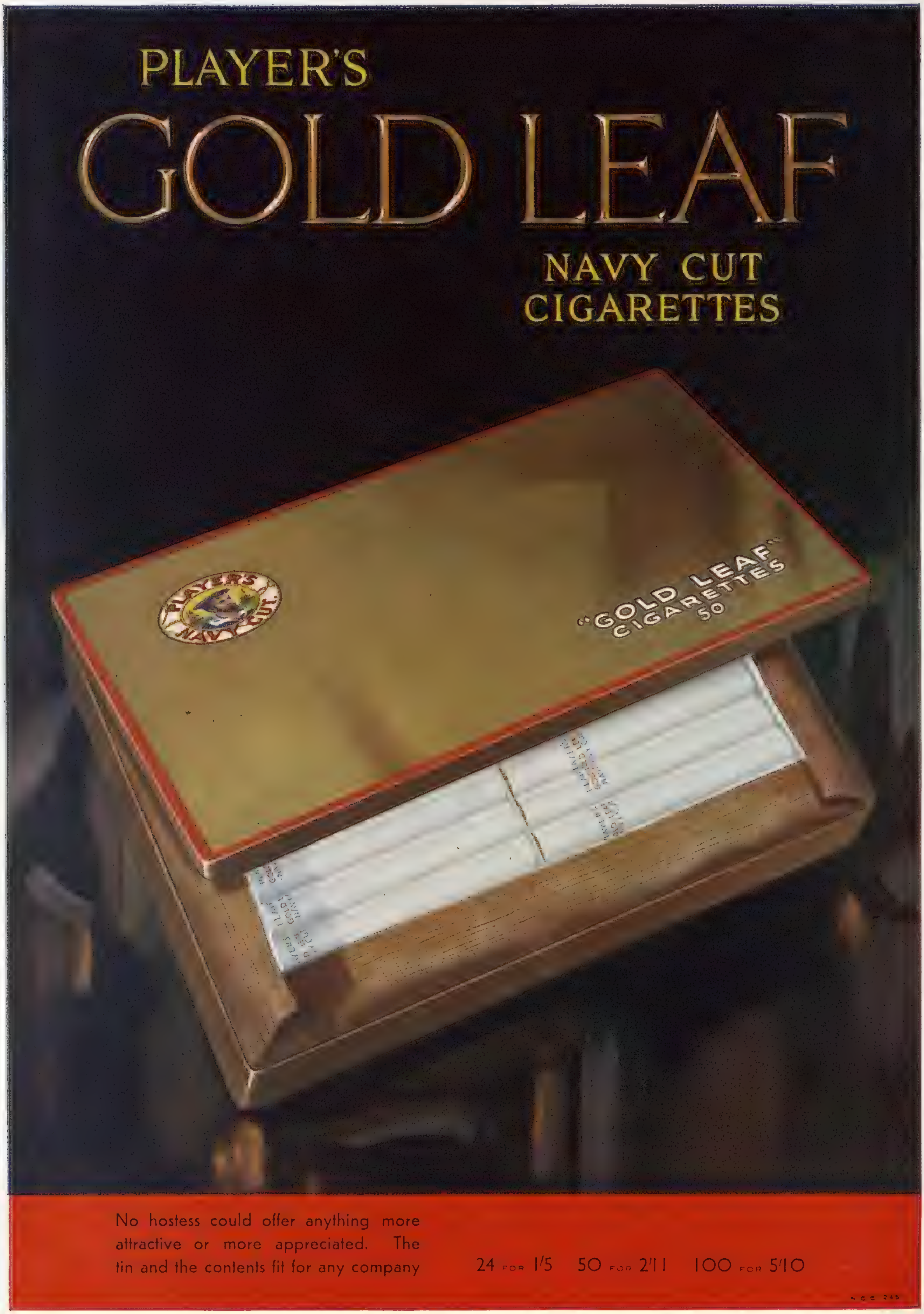
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NAVY CUT
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PLAYER'S NAVY CUT
"GOLD LEAF" CIGARETTES 50
No hostess could offer anything more attractive or more appreciated. The tin and the contents fit for any company
24 FOR 1/5 50 FOR 2/11 100 FOR 5/10

LIGHT AND SHADE REVUE - D.

"Light and Shade," the silhouetted dance by MR. WALTER CRISHAM, MISS DOLORES DALGARNO, and The Girls, is one of the loveliest and most artistic of numbers. It is a big hit of "HI-DIDDLE-DIDDLE," the new Charlot Revue at the Comedy. Photographs of some of the comical and witty numbers of the production are given on other pages.

"HI-DIDDLE-DIDDLE"—WITH DOUGLAS

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1. *MR. DOUGLAS BYNG makes an appearance as a whiskered Victorian of the "Dundreary" period in "Progress," one of the sketches in "Hi-Diddle-Diddle," the new Charlot revue at the Comedy. MISS DOLORES DALGARNO is the wife.*
2. *In "Nursery Rhymes," 1934," "Oranges and Lemons" is presented. It shows Sweet Nell of Old Drury (DOUGLAS BYNG) meeting Sweet Nell of Old Elstree (JUNE). MR. JOHN TILLEY, as the Merry Monarch, stands between them.*
3. *In "Salesmanship," the Demonstrator (JOHN TILLEY) is determined to give a thorough display of the power of the sweeper. The husband (BERTIE HARE) is not so pleased as the wife (DORIS HARE).*
4. *JUNE is, naturally, Beauty, and DOUGLAS BYNG makes a very obvious Beast in "Beauty and the Beast."*
5. *In "Mamie of the Chorus," MISS DORIS HARE reveals the tribulations of the aging chorus girl.*

BYNG, JUNE, AND JOHN TILLEY.

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6. *"Children of the Night" illustrates a really novel idea by presenting the characters who flit along the midnight streets merely in phosphorescent outline. The Dope-fiend (WALTER CRISHAM), the Policeman (WILLIAM CAVANAGH), and the Flower-Seller (MARIE MASTERS) are shown in our photograph.*

7. *MR. DOUGLAS BYNG is the perfect butler in the number "Miss Otis Regrets." The portrait of "Miss Otis" is by Clark Hutton.*

8. *MR. DOUGLAS BYNG'S gallery of "Hi-Diddle-Diddle" burlesques includes "Lizzie the Pre-War Flivver."*

9. *In "Oo, la la! Oui! Oui!", MR. DOUGLAS BYNG appears as the fast-aging "La Belle Chi-Chi." Les Boys are EDWARD COOPER, WILLIAM CAVANAGH, BERTIE HARE, and PAT ANSLOW AUSTIN.*

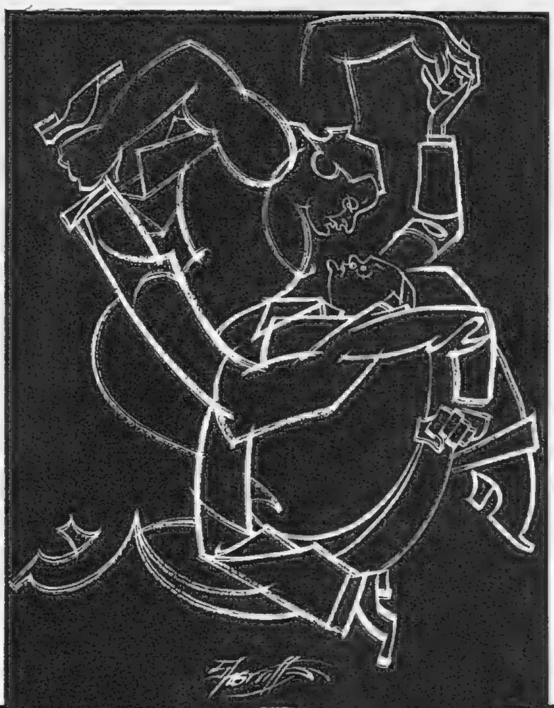
CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

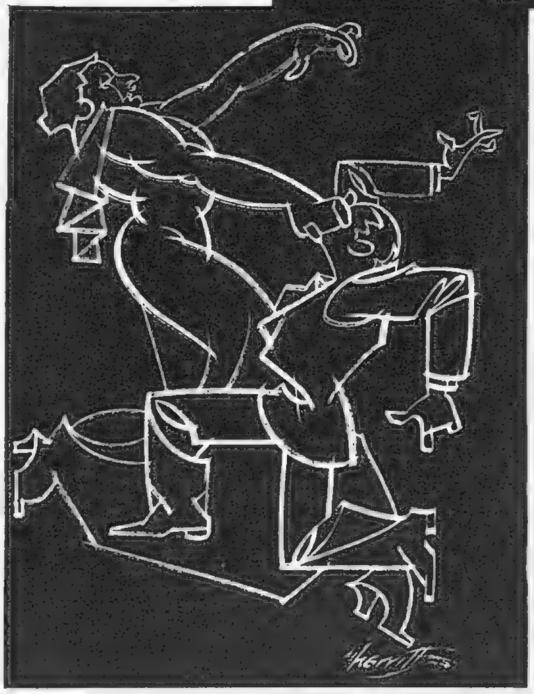
THE STAGE.

By J. T. GREIN.

PEALS of laughter, loud and thundering, reverberated from the Strand Theatre, east and westward, on the first night of "LUCKY BREAK," that huge joke by Mr. Douglas Furber. But, to be fair, if the merry farrago of the story, unrelatable in its prolixity, set the ball rolling, it was Mr. Leslie Henson and his hench-folk who kept it bouncing sky-high. There is no funnier comedian than Mr. Henson in his own element. To turtle and hurtle about, to create witty *bons mots* as he flits across the stage, to dance, vamp, gyrate either solo or with one of his partners, the fascinating Miss Heather Thatcher, the sprightly Miss June Clyde, the sculpturesque Miss Phyllis Stanley, the ubiquitous, versatile Miss Adèle Dixon, the grotesquely imposing Miss Sydney Fairbrother, is an everlasting joy to him and us. Among the lyrics there are two gems: the Russian parody, an excelsior of tragi-comic persiflage, and the soliloquy of a dream haunted by cinema stars—they are the pick of the basket. But the score, like the book, is full of restless gaiety. As for the dancers, the nine girls who form the chorus and excel in the eloquent silence of acrobacy, choreography, *poses plastiques*, and syncopathic motion (a multitude of qualities is expected of them nowadays), are the acme of symphonic rhythm; and Mr. Richard Hearne, who tumbles over ladders, stairs, pieces of furniture as if they were so many old-world circus hoops, is the most daring hurtler I have ever seen, and one whose body must be an invulnerable texture of india-rubber. Mr. Debroy Somers and his band of instruments melodious and freakish kindles the high spirits on the stage, which simmered until long after the curtain's fall.

"HI-DIDDLE-DIDDLE!" which was heartily greeted at the Comedy by his devotees, whose number is legion, is a typical Charlot revue. A long menu—thirty courses all told; pretty girls; pretty costumes; pretty little fantastic scenes—"Children of the Night" is one of them—and a bucketful of nonsense which, when handled by Mr. Douglas Byng or Mr. John Tilley, aided and abetted by the ever-picturesque June, turns hotch-potch into a spicy dish. Of course, as usual in the beginning of revues, there is a plethora which requires pruning, and some humour that demands chastening; but, on the whole, it is a lively specimen of its kind, with some *clous* that are really witty. Thus Mr. Byng's three impersonations of an old pre-war motor-flivver, a remarkable personification of a machine; of Nell Gwyn as a most fruity Covent Garden maiden; and particularly of the old girl who, forty years ago, danced the can-can in Paris and will dance it still until Domesday—capital, this trio. But Mr. John Tilley runs him close. His illustrated lecture—the well-known journey to and comment on Shanghai which was the vogue at the Windmill—goes equally well at the Comedy, and as Charles II., and in sundry other caricatures, he proves his versatility. Towards the finale, Miss Doris Hare makes a hit as a funny bundle of humanity vainly striving to become a chorus-girl; and fitfully through the performance flits June, who dances neatly, sings neatly, and suddenly, in one song, reveals a neat sense of satire.





Here are three Sherriffs impressions of Three Movements in a Lively Pas-de-Deux by Pansy Beresford (VERA PEARCE) and Bill Quinton (BOBBIE HOWES) at the Knucklebone Club in "YES, MADAM?", at the London Hippodrome. The odds, we may add, are on Pansy. (See also page 138)

Mr. Walter Hackett is a master of his comic craft, and, to a certain extent, the captain of Miss Marion Lorne's soul. He knows how to fit her like the proverbial glove. But latterly he has shown a tendency to wield the transcendental, and in that he failed in his previous play, as he stumbles now in "HYDE PARK CORNER," at the Apollo. All this to-do in the first scene, when the house in 1780 was a gambling hell, where cheating and murder loaded a curse on the premises and its latter-day occupants, is sheer fustian. It is as detached from the following story as a big planet from a minor one. For it is only in the second scene that Miss Lorne becomes the dominating figure, surrounded by such very clever actors as Mr. Godfrey Tearle and Mr. Gordon Harker, all of whom we meet in Great Marlborough Street Police Court. Miss Lorne is accused of shop-lifting, and never has the Court in all its details been so well copied on the stage. It seemed like the days when Mr. Mead honoured the magisterial chair. This scene quivers with life and the tragi-comic atmosphere so peculiar to a police court, and Miss Lorne was the most guileless, *insouciant* pilferer of the many I have seen in the dock. Her facial display is as quaint as her gestures, and her voice—the voice of an "innocent angel"! What follows—the discovery of a murder at Hyde Park Corner, the finding of an indispensable witness with the aid of Miss Lorne, who had "picked his pocket at Victoria"—a confession which brought the house down; the more or less irrelevant references to the curse; the inrushes and outbursts of all the characters — all that is of minor importance. It leads to good acting, but not to good drama—even of the thrilling order. For the thrills did not throb. Mr. Godfrey Tearle as the lawyer who defended Miss Lorne was excellent in his repose and dignity; Mr. Gordon Harker as the policeman made much of poor chances; Mr. J. H. Roberts was duly sinister as a butler who knew a thing or two which I must not reveal; Mr. Earle Grey was amusingly officious as a police inspector, and Miss Jeanne Stuart was pathetic in her blonde innocence wantonly suspected.

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE: "TOUCH WOOD" (Haymarket). 8.15.—"CLIVE OF INDIA" (Savoy). 8.30.—"FAMILY AFFAIRS" (Ambassadors). 8.30.—"THE SHINING HOUR" (St. James's). 8.30.—"STREAMLINE" (Palace). 8.15. **PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING:** "MEN IN WHITE" (Lyric). 8.30.—"ADMIRALS ALL" (Shaftesbury). 8.30.—"VINTAGE WINE" (Daly's). 8.30.—"MURDER IN MAYFAIR" (Globe). 8.30.—"MR. WHITTINGTON" (Adelphi). 8.30.—"LIVING DANGEROUSLY" (Piccadilly). 8.30.—"MOONLIGHT IS SILVER" (Queen's). 8.30.—"SPORTING LOVE" (Gaiety). 8.30.—"YES, MADAM?" (Hippodrome). 8.15.—"LUCKY BREAK" (Strand). 8.30.—"HI-DIDDLE-DIDDLE!" (Comedy). 8.30.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

NO British film star of the silent days dug herself into public favour more securely than Betty Balfour, nor did any actress on the screen come closer to the heart of London. To her belongs the distinction of creating a character inseparable from her name, the golden-hearted street urchin, Squibs. It was, then, a happy inspiration to fashion a chronicle of Cockney life for the "come-back" of a comedienne who not only understands but speaks the genuine language of the people. The new Gainsborough picture at the Capitol, suggested by Albert Chevalier's famous song, "My Old Dutch," presents a cavalcade of events during the forty years of marital life enjoyed by Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins. Did I say enjoyed? Suffered would be the better word. For since Chevalier sang of "the finest lady in the land," the Great War and its aftermath have spread their shadow, and the poor Hawkins couple seem to have had more than their share of hard knocks, losing their only son, their high-born daughter-in-law, their jobs, and finally the struggle to bring up their grandson, whom they relinquish to his proud maternal grandpapa. A tearful tale in the main, leaving the glorious promise of the jolly coster holiday wherewith it opens unfulfilled. But the picture has many of the ingredients of popular melodrama, and the director, Sinclair Hill, works up the thrilling patches for all they are worth. If the heart-appeal is somewhat over-stressed, that inimitable comedian, Gordon Harker, is at hand to slip in a few welcome samples of his racy humour; and Betty Balfour, with Michael Hogan as her devoted Bert, draws a sturdy portrait of unswerving comradeship.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's version of Rudolf Besier's fine play, "THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET," with its trio of stars—Norma Shearer, Charles Laughton, and Fredric March — caused the Empire to break its own rules in order to present the picture at a special première. Interest in a British subject handled in Hollywood is bound to run high, and the biggest critical guns are trained on the production. Well, the story of Elizabeth Browning's romance, and the protracted duel with her tyrannical father, has the strength to stand up to them. With the exception of a few minor interpolations, the play remains intact, its drama encompassed by the four walls of Elizabeth's shrouded room. It is, therefore, in many respects a photographed stage-play, but Sidney Franklin's direction is taut and dramatic, his grouping is always significant, his pace is admirably varied, and the atmosphere is charged with a tremendous mental conflict. Norma Shearer reveals the gradual change in the fragile Elizabeth, under the influence of her stormy wooer, with infinite tenderness and insight. Fredric March brings the breath of life into the sombre household with the *panache* that suggests the poet-lover. Charles Laughton's study of the elder Barrett is ruthlessly grim. The possessiveness of the man, hidden under a mask of righteousness, reaches a pitch of cruelty that leaves no loophole for pity. A portrait open to question perhaps, but of undoubted value in the structure of this impressive picture.

Here you may see Mr. Peabody (WYLIE WATSON), from Yorkshire, the employer of Bill (Bobby Howes) and Sally (Binnie Hale), of "YES, MADAM?" in a ruminant frame of mind.

Louis Bromfield's story of a woman who is content to remain the background of a brilliant politician's life, his lover, friend, and mother of his child, provides Ann Harding with what I can only describe as an Ann Harding part in "THE LIFE OF VERGIE WINTERS" (Plaza). The story, spanning twenty years, starts with the funeral of the politician, and Vergie, an aged and broken woman sobbing behind prison bars, wrongfully accused of his murder. It then harks back to unfold a lifetime of devotion and altruism. Episodic in treatment and belonging to the bookshelf rather than the screen, the picture has its charming and idyllic moments in the milliner's shop where Vergie lives her dream-life. Miss Harding's serenity and restrained emotion successfully create an atmosphere of sanctuary for the unhappily married man she loves so well, a character played on conventional lines by John Boles.

The successor to gentle romance and Schubertian melody on the Regal screen is the thoroughly American radio comedy, "TWENTY MILLION SWEETHEARTS," exploiting a favourite crooner, Dick Powell, and the methods of his manager, one of those "go-getters," endowed with the hide of the rhinoceros and the gift of the gab, boisterously interpreted by Pat O'Brien. The launching of a new radio star, his temporary eclipse after an engineered break with his sweetheart (intelligently played by Ginger Roberts), and his final come-back, provide a story that is mainly an excuse for penetrating behind the scenes of a broadcasting concern. The picture is a trifle slow in getting under way, and some of the earlier turns at the microphone made me determined to avoid television. The pace improves, however, when the crooner gets his contract, and the play, sidestepping into some amusing situations, gathers strength as it reaches a well-planned climax. Dick Powell sings a catchy theme-song pleasantly, and makes an unaffected hero, though the acting honours go to Joe Cawthorne for his delightful study of a Teutonic soap-magnate.

Sally Ganthony (BINNIE HALE), the heroine of "YES, MADAM?", at the London Hippodrome, finds that there are eighty thousand reasons for entering service with Mr. Peabody.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE: "JEW SÜSS" (Tivoli).—"ONE NIGHT OF LOVE" (Carlton).—"THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD" (Marble Arch Pavilion).—"NELL GWYN" (Leicester Square Theatre).—"BLOSSOM TIME" (Rialto).—"THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET" (Empire).—**FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING:** "THE LIFE OF VERGIE WINTERS" (Plaza).—"DR. MABUSE" (Academy).—"THE SLUMP IS OVER" (Curzon).—"BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK" (London Pavilion).—"MY OLD DUTCH" (Capitol).—"TWENTY MILLION SWEETHEARTS" (Regal).

LITTLE MAN HAS A BUSY DANCE! VERA PEARCE AND BOBBY HOWES IN "YES, MADAM?"

"Czechoslovakian Love," the amusing burlesque Apache dance which MISS VERA PEARCE and MR. BOBBY HOWES give in the scene in the Knucklebone Club in "YES, MADAM?", at the London Hippodrome, is one of the hits of the show. The Junoesque proportions of Miss Pearce make a very good contrast to the featherweight size of Mr. Bobby Howes. Sherriffs' caricatures of this dance will be found on another page of this issue.

Sherriffs' caricatures of this dance will be found on another page of this issue.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY YEVONDE.

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. . . is to-day – as ever – the absolute guarantee of a perfect and consistent quality.

To achieve such an unfailing level of quality, HOUBIGANT do not allow their products to be made elsewhere but in FRANCE, under the direct and personal supervision of the creators.

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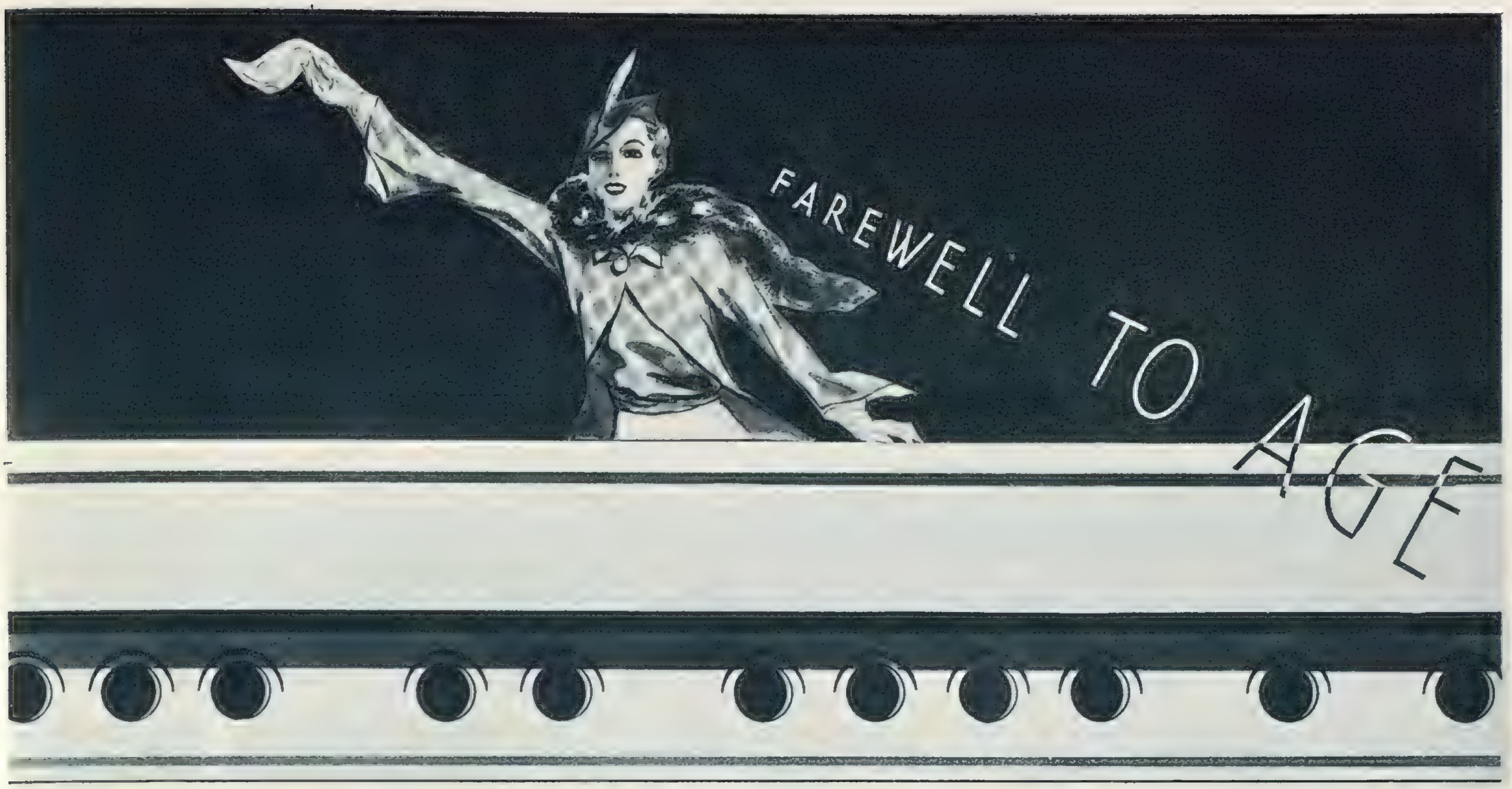
THE HOUBIGANT ARTICLES OBTAINED FROM YOUR USUAL PERFUMER ARE ABSOLUTELY IDENTICAL WITH THOSE YOU WOULD BUY IN PARIS.

The dances by MR. JACK HOLLAND and MISS JUNE HART, the two American artists, are among the most popular numbers of "STREAMLINE," at the Palace. On the first night they were called and called again, and at every performance the applause their acts produce holds up the show for an appreciable time. The dances, "You Turned Your Head" and the dance in the cabaret presented in "The Starving Rich," are both speedy and extremely graceful, though acrobatic. Miss Hart uses her voluminous skirts with amazing skill and swings and swirls them about in an entrancing way.

THE BALL-ROOM DANCERS WHO HOLD UP "STREAMLINE."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LENARE.



FAREWELL TO AGE — by Elizabeth Arden

● Noon. The Olympic was sailing with the Countess of ——— on board. There she stood at the railing, her face glowing with charm. "Farewell!" she waved gaily. The thought came to me: *with that same gay spirit she also bids farewell to age!* Farewell to lines and wrinkles . . . farewell to skin that forgets its youth! Actually, she had said farewell to age some weeks before, when she came to me and placed herself in my hands. "I look my age, Elizabeth Arden, and I don't want to. Do something!" I did something . . . I remoulded her face into a living picture of its former beauty. And all so simply. Not through complicated rituals that soon become a burden but by three daily steps that bring out latent loveliness: Cleansing, Toning and Soothing. Cleanse morning and night with my Cleansing Cream which liquefies deep in the pores and floats out dust, make-up, cream and all. Freshen and tone with Ardena Skin Tonic. And for soothing your skin into exquisitely smooth texture, spread my delicate Velva Cream lavishly on your face and neck. Practise these three simple steps morning and night and I sincerely promise that you, too, shall say . . . Farewell to Age! Ardena Cleansing Cream 4/6 to 22/6; Ardena Skin Tonic 3/6 to 75/-; Velva Cream 4/6 to 22/6 . . . LONDON, Elizabeth Arden (Elizabeth Arden Ltd.) 25 OLD BOND STREET, W.1; PARIS, Elizabeth Arden, S.A.; ROME, Elizabeth Arden, S.A.I.; BERLIN, Elizabeth Arden, G.m.b.H.; NEW YORK, Elizabeth Arden

THE BLACKBIRDS.

Lew Leslie's "BLACKBIRDS OF 1934," at the London Coliseum, are a company of brilliant and versatile artists. The top left-hand photograph on this page shows VALAIDA, the star, with NYAS BERRY, whose numbers include the popular "Papa de Da Da." The other photographs are studies of the BLACKBIRDS BEAUTY CHORUS, who are full of vitality, swagger, and style.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SASHA.

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UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

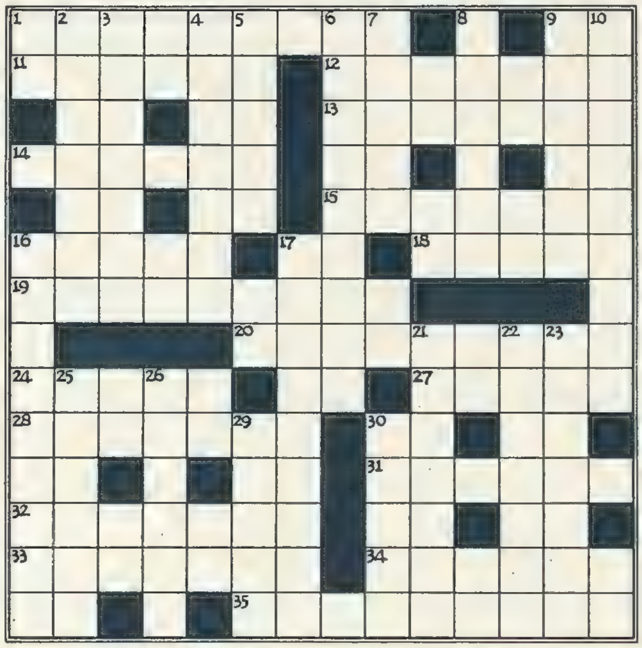
THE greatest English novelist of his time, Thomas Hardy has had remarkably few disciples. The name of Mr. Eden Phillpotts occurs to the mind at once, but I cannot think of many others, even among the rising school of rural novelists, who have adopted Hardy's method of approach, still less his point of view. Mr. Edward Percy, author of "Cowferry Isle," is a welcome and talented recruit to the slender band of Thomas Hardy's followers. But it is significant that he does not even aspire to be a Hardy in modern dress. In his pages we do not hear the whirr of the telephone, or the hoot of the motor-car. His story closes in the year 1899. It is, in fact, a historical novel;

Compared with Amphlett, the other figures in the story necessarily seem a little insubstantial. His daughter Elsbeth, whose marriage, arranged by Mark, seems so preposterous that the author must surely have "taken it" from real life, is one of the most successful. Her shallow emotionalism, her feminine adaptability, make her an excellent foil to her father. The incidents of the story are varied and exciting enough to satisfy an admirer of Charles Reade or Wilkie Collins, and the culminating episode of the "Hooden Horse" is splendidly done. I found some passages that seemed exaggerated or improbable—very few that were dull or lifeless. The whole imaginative texture of the book—particularly its evocation of the Kentish marshes in which the scene is laid—is unusually rich and satisfying; while the author's rather old-fashioned style, deliberate, formal, and sustained, is a welcome change from the snappy, staccato accents of many modern novelists. Mr. Percy is certainly to be congratulated on "Cowferry Isle."

"Thirsty Earth."

"Thirsty Earth" brings us back to modern times and up-to-date methods. Mr. Farmer has taken the subject for a short story and expanded it into a novel. There are very few incidents. In fact, it was lack of incident that made Dick Clifford discontented with his life in the Australian bush. Ruth, his wife, for whom working the ranch was as natural and necessary as

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. Means to deceive, and should therefore have the cane right away.
11. They come to the hosses all right, but they 're likely to come to the cackle, too!
12. This will make you show your teeth if it doesn't start before four.
13. These always have a go at reaching the river, but, on the face of it, Uncle Sam's portrait provides an example.
14. Young ladies in America are apparently so addressed by unintroduced admirers, as you may realise before you come to die.
15. These are good at inducing a nap, and they naturally make you eat less.
16. You *can* lie like this in England, but, to tell the truth, it 's French.
18. Do these require eye-wash? The answer is a sanctified affirmative.
19. He 's a man you want to be sure of, but you 'll have to make surer before you 've done with him.
20. He 's only a sailor, but he shows that it 's no good having a waggon if you haven't got the b——— corn.
24. Goes all over the place and may be found in a morass.
27. You must see him in drink if you want to understand such unaccountable desires.
28. 'Arry's friend goes back to meet another friend from Scotland. It 's all most frightfully weird.
31. The lads of the village get a few drinks at last!
32. The reverse of large, and the reverse of a superior beast, yet they *are* really superior beasts.
33. Make less? Yes, it does sound as though a donkey earned it.
34. It doesn't tell you to steal one, or even to borrow one, but simply to get out.
35. What language! You can't be surprised if it provokes an open stare.

DOWN.

2. His decision is final; in fact, you might expect it to go with a snap.
3. If you expect to get change for this coin, that 's more than I do!
4. Rather a lengthy book, but written with only one nib.
5. This 'ere tradesman 'as a good many branches.
6. Twelve months' "hard" is nothing to this: it 's far and away farther away than you can imagine.
7. Call out: 'e vent to sleep some time before.
8. One kind of drawer. It may be easy, but it 's certainly not a sitter!
9. Evidently in need of beef, in one way or another!
10. These are out to reduce the population. If you know this one, please don't think the author is repeating himself!
16. It 's easy to get this bird; in fact, you can almost see a pair mating.
17. One of these is a scientific method for the disposal of corpses.
21. One of the garments he makes, no doubt.
22. You need two at least on an aeroplane, but only one liar to tell you about it.
23. The devil kicks off, and gives a kind of stamp.
25. Strange that such a good swimmer should sink to the bottom: it really is idiotic!
26. Summer visitor. Must fly or may, let us say, flee!
29. Quite a wide selection, so why show anger?
30. The easiest bowling in all the world.

NOTE.—Two-letter spaces are regarded as unchecked letters, and clues are not given.

A VALUABLE PRIZE FOR THE SOLUTION OF OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLES.

Owing to the great popularity of our weekly Cross-word Puzzles, we have decided to give a prize of £2 in connection with each, until further notice. To the sender of the first correct solution of this puzzle which is opened on Monday morning next, Oct. 22, we shall give a prize of £2.

RULES: A "Sketch" Cross-word Puzzle Coupon (published on page XIV) must accompany every solution; with the name and address of the sender clearly filled in. Envelopes must be marked: "Sketch" Cross-word. The Editor's decision is final in all cases, and it is understood that all entrants accept this rule. Owing to official regulations, readers in Scotland and in the United States of America cannot enter for this award.

Mr. Percy realised that its spirit, as well as its plot (for it has a plot) would be anachronistic in 1934. In 1934 there are no usurers of the type of Mark Amphlett—rural bloodsuckers growing fat and prosperous on loans, large and small, made to their poorer neighbours. Nor would the sophisticated person of 1934 find much satisfaction in the retribution that overtakes Mark: a modern novelist would have allowed him to prosper and loll at ease upon his money-bags, while Jacob Strawn, whom he had deprived of his (Jacob's) patrimony, would probably have entered Mark's service as chauffeur or footman and been glad of the job. But no one will deny that Mr. Percy's version of Amphlett's career makes a far better story, and I was vindictive enough to smack my lips over his downfall, though not Victorian enough to weep a tear over him.

Portrait of a Tyrant.

Mark Amphlett is the type of man who was portrayed sympathetically by Hardy in "The Mayor of Casterbridge" and with loathing by George Douglas in "The House with the Green Shutters." He is a self-made man, hard, astute and successful in business, brutal, overbearing and selfish in private life. Of courage he had plenty: of magnanimity almost none. Unwilling to incur the charge of sentimentalism, Mr. Percy does not allow him the merits of his defects. His behaviour to Alice, his mild, meek second wife (to quote but one instance) is enough to alienate one's sympathy from him; and the merited rebuff he receives from Mrs. Purvyse (she reminds us of Mrs. Charmond and other rich, eccentric women in Hardy's novels), confirms instead of mitigates our dislike. To tell the truth, Mark has not enough nobility of nature to achieve the stature of a tragic figure. He is not a good man gone wrong; he is a bad man whose indifference to other people's happiness gives him a kind of moral ascendency over them. In drawing him thus, Mr. Percy makes one of his few concessions to the modern attitude which is preoccupied by suffering, but too sceptical of moral values to believe in tragedy.

breathing, bore the two years' drought, with its hardships and disappointments, much better than he did. He had come out to Australia primarily for his health, and was already longing to go back to England and greenness and gaiety when his cousin Hester arrived and increased his nostaglia a hundred-fold. She belonged to the fashionable world; she was *chic*, brilliant, passionate, unscrupulous, and a born home-breaker. Nearly all the men on the ranch pleased her, but Clifford pleased her most of all. She made up her mind to detach him from Ruth. Clifford was left, like some young man in a fable, to choose between Vice and Virtue. The author likes Ruth, and does not much care for Hester, but he knows that she has every advantage in the contest. The issue, however, remains in doubt till the end. The farm-hands (only they would have resented the title, being aggressively independent) hold the ring, as it were, and perform the function of a Greek chorus. Their comments on the progress of the struggle are extremely entertaining. They do not help to "further the action," except that unitedly they inflame Hester's erotic instincts, and one of them saves her from being gored to death by a bull; but they fill the picture with so much characteristic and amusing detail that one welcomes them whenever they appear.

As far as he can, the author maintains an impartial attitude. We are not made to feel that, should Hester succeed in her discreditable design, fire will fall from heaven and consume the guilty pair. "Thirsty Earth" is an honest, straightforward story, written with a subtlety and skill much above the ordinary; I can thoroughly recommend it.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Cowferry Isle. By Edward Percy. (*Ivor Nicholson and Watson*; 8s. 6d.)
Thirsty Earth. By F. Rhodes Farmer. (*Longmans*; 7s. 6d.)

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Without a moment's hesitation the expert recognises the rich and abundant aroma of White Horse.
He knows instantly that this delightful bouquet denotes the heather and peat flavour, the smoothness and mellowed perfection of Scotland's Senior Whisky.
Millions of gallons of White Horse are matured and maturing for those who appreciate Real Old Scotch.

Insist on White Horse—and see that you get it

WHITE HORSE
WHISKY

Half Bottles and Small Flasks on sale

CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"'A FINANCIAL philanderer'? What's that, I should like to know? A man who woos Kaffirs in the morning; flirts with Celanese in the afternoon; and toys with Home Rails over the telephone? Is that what you mean?"

"I could not sum up the character so concisely as you have done. My idea of financial philandering is that you spread your fancies over a large number of markets, study no one in particular, and therefore are more likely to lose money than to make it."

"Don't you think it's possible to know too much about a stock? I reckon there's a danger in following a market, or individual shares in it, too closely."

"Yes, you're right there. We all find that out sooner or later. But it's still more dangerous to jump about from one thing to another——"

"Sounds to me more like a financial flea."

"—just because you get one tip at the Club, and another tip out of a newspaper, and a third from the chap you play golf with on Sundays——"

"He's the man whose advice is always——"

"What makes your markets so jerky just now?" enquired Our Stroller. "There's no stability about any of them. I'm bemused. Can anybody see his way?"

He looked around the Stock Exchange men huddled into that tiny room, hazy with cigarette smoke, with a telephone wherever there was space for one, and an atmosphere as heavy as Rhodesian copper shares.

"How can anybody see his way in this fug?" exclaimed a youngish man, tilting back his hat and coughing like a consumptive. "I'm for the wide open spaces," and he made a dash for the door, paused, and then came back for what he called his "paggiderfags." Our Stroller handed him the carton.

"Thanks," said the broker. "'See our way,' did you ask? Yes: of course. We're living on the verge of a volcano. We are skating on thin ice——"

"So thin that it may even melt altogether when it falls over the edge of the volcano," another broker foretold.

"You may sneer as much as you like, but what I say is true. And you know it's true. The markets are hollow—artificial—like the pillars of——"

"Society?"

"—some of the suburban cinemas."

"Oh, sit on his head, somebody," a broker begged. "We've been told this kind of thing so often before that, upon my soul, we're getting fed up with it."

"Prices don't give way to any great extent, however artificial the markets may be. Doesn't their firmness infer a public willingness to buy stock whenever it comes into your markets?"

The broker faced Our Stroller. "I take it, Sir," said he, "that you are not a member of the House? Ah, I thought not. To that extent you have the advantage of most of us in here. Thanks; that's my hat. Here—drop it, you fool!"

One of the other men had removed it, shining as only a new silk hat bought at a good hatter's can shine, and was aiming to throw it over a bottle of ink from which the cork had been removed.

The owner retrieved his property only just in time. "Lot of silly kids, you are!" he said wrathfully. "That's all you are: silly kids!" and he walked away, regardless of affectionate invitations to linger a little longer.

"Let him alone," one of the others counselled. "He has gone to buy skates for using on thin ice on the verge of the volcano. Not but what he is right, in a way."

"Can you ever remember a time when we weren't on the edge, more or less, of a crisis? Because, if you can, I can't. Since the war, there has always been something in the background to make people nervous of what might happen——"

"Same thing before the war," recalled an elderly member. "If it wasn't Chinese labour, it was the Balkans; and if the Balkans were quiet——"

"Which wasn't often."

"—America had a Presidential Election, or prosecutions of railroads for acting in restraint of trade. It's all as old as the hills; this uncertainty in the markets that you and I put down to politics and foreign exchange and Cape gamblers."

"All of which lessons of experience rather go to show that we needn't feel unduly worried just because the hesitation of—of—market prices——" Our Stroller was getting hopelessly involved, and his broker pushed him towards the door. Which opened suddenly.

"Have a cup of tea," laughed one of the men at the result. "Here; take this towel. Scalded yourself?"

Our Stroller replied that he feared at least three fresh cups would be required. He wiped away vigorously at his waistcoat, and had the sense to take the incident as a joke.

"Never mind," a broker consoled him. "We will debit you ninepence, and you can have the sugar free."

"I shall have to make twelve pounds ten to pay for a new suit. Yes; I'm coming." He followed his broker into Throgmorton Street, and ran up the few stairs, at New Court, that led into the House.

"How can we make twelve pounds ten?" his broker demanded of the first man he met in the Yankee Market.

"Stay away from here for a week, then you'll make twenty-five."

"Sardonic, but not helpful. Rather too negative, my man. Let us direct our feet into the Motor Market," he suggested to Our Stroller.

"The Show was discounted here, of course," a dealer answered. "We had the rise in advance. No: I don't believe in this theory of saturation-point. I say there are plenty of people still wanting cars."

"And likely to buy them?"

"To my mind, yes. If I'm right, we haven't seen the end of the rise in motor-shares. That's a sure thing."

The broker asked the price of Lucas, and: "Are there any other motor-speciality firms?" he continued.

The jobber gave him two or three. "They might do still better, if only people knew what can be bought in that line. There's always a good market for gadgets, you know."

"You must have made a lot of money lately," commented the broker. "More than is good for you, anyway."

"More than I know what to do with," and the jobber's face remained perfectly passive. "Do you want some of it?"

"I don't know," pondered the broker. "Money is a bit of a nuisance when it brings in so little return."

"You're much happier with your hundreds than I shall be when I've made my millions. Money doesn't bring content, I can assure you."

"Doesn't it?" another man asked. "I'm prepared to risk it. What about a few Emmis, or a neat little parcel of Tractions? Both going better, you know."

"Emmies are too high."

"So is everything else. That's nothing to go by. The market is very good: strong enough to push a bus over."

"The bus being full of bulls, eh?"

"Maybe. Not so overloaded with 'em as the West African Market is."

"I shouldn't care to be short of West Africans for long, bull account or not. Why don't Westralians wake up?"

"They will, one of these days. And Waihis, the New Zealanders, are a very sound purchase. I like those Blackwaters. Pay you jolly well on the money."

"There are plenty of good things outside Kaffirs. Take Anglo-Huronians, the Canadians. They've lived down their lurid past. Doing well, you know."

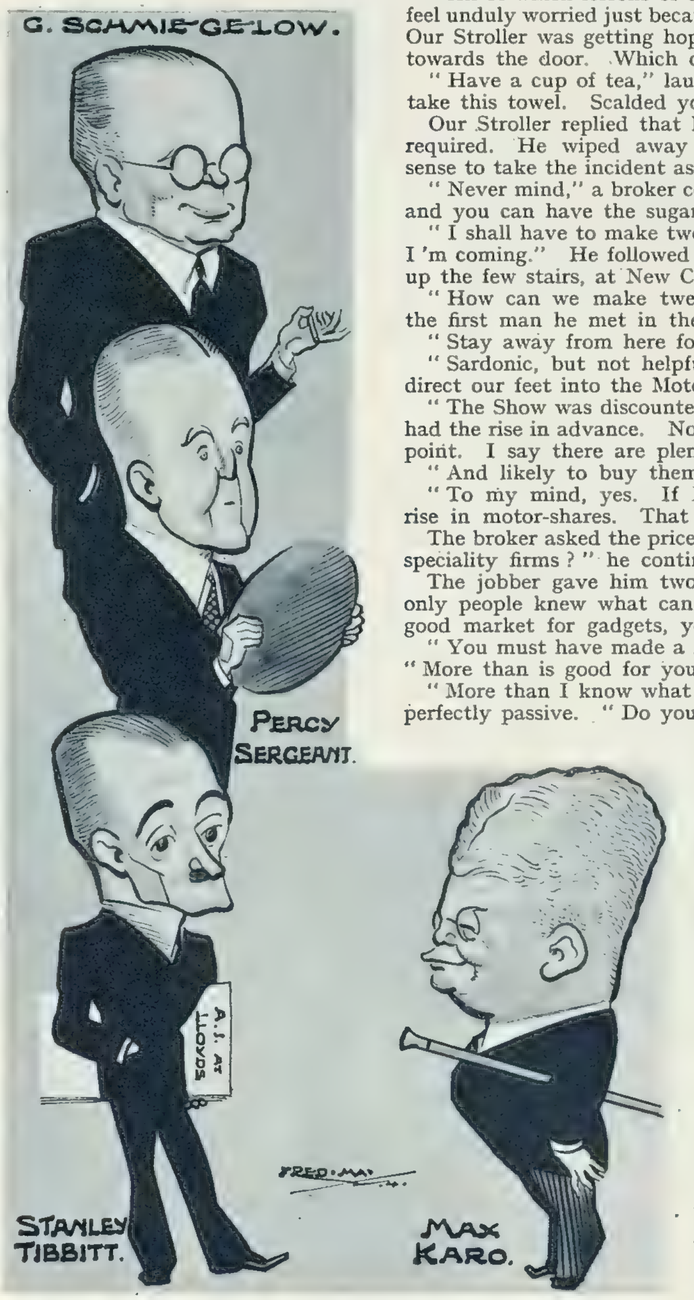
The broker linked arms with his client. "There you are," he said. "You can't say you have no choice. Twelve pounds ten, was it you wanted? That's only an eighth on a hundred shares, you know."

"Your Stock Exchange is like the Motor Exhibition in one way," replied Our Stroller. "There are so many shares in the one Show, and so many models in the other, that——"

"'It ill becomes the rest of us
To find any fault with the best of us,'" misquoted the broker. "I wonder what this waiter wants. Stay here and see."

But Our Stroller didn't think the risk worth running. "Buy me a couple of hundred Blackwaters and Wilunas," he called out from the door.

He nearly got killed in the rush. *Friday, Oct. 12, 1934.*



Fred May contributes four CITY LIGHTS—MR. I. G. SCHMIEGELOW, very pleasant and unassuming, and the only Norwegian member of the Stock Exchange; MR. PERCY SERGEANT, a favourite with everyone, and a playing member of the Stock Exchange Football Club; MR. STANLEY TIBBITT, another well-known and respected figure in the City—a Light who is with Lloyds, and very much A.1.; MR. MAX KARO, a popular member of the Stock Exchange; always referred to as "The Major." He commands the Stock Exchange Company (Cadets) of the Royal Fusiliers. He is a very active "little soldier," who always has a "busy day"! He takes a prominent part in the Lord Mayor's procession, leading his battalion, when he is in his glory!

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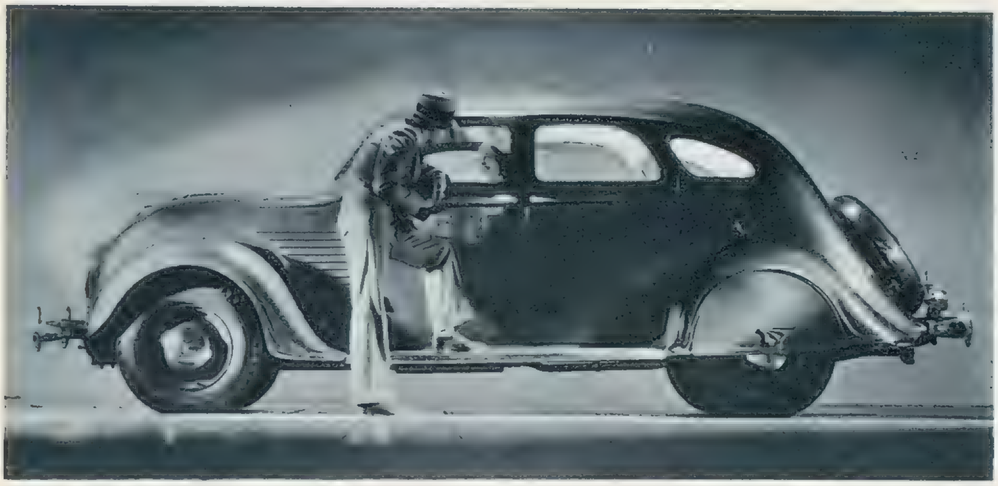

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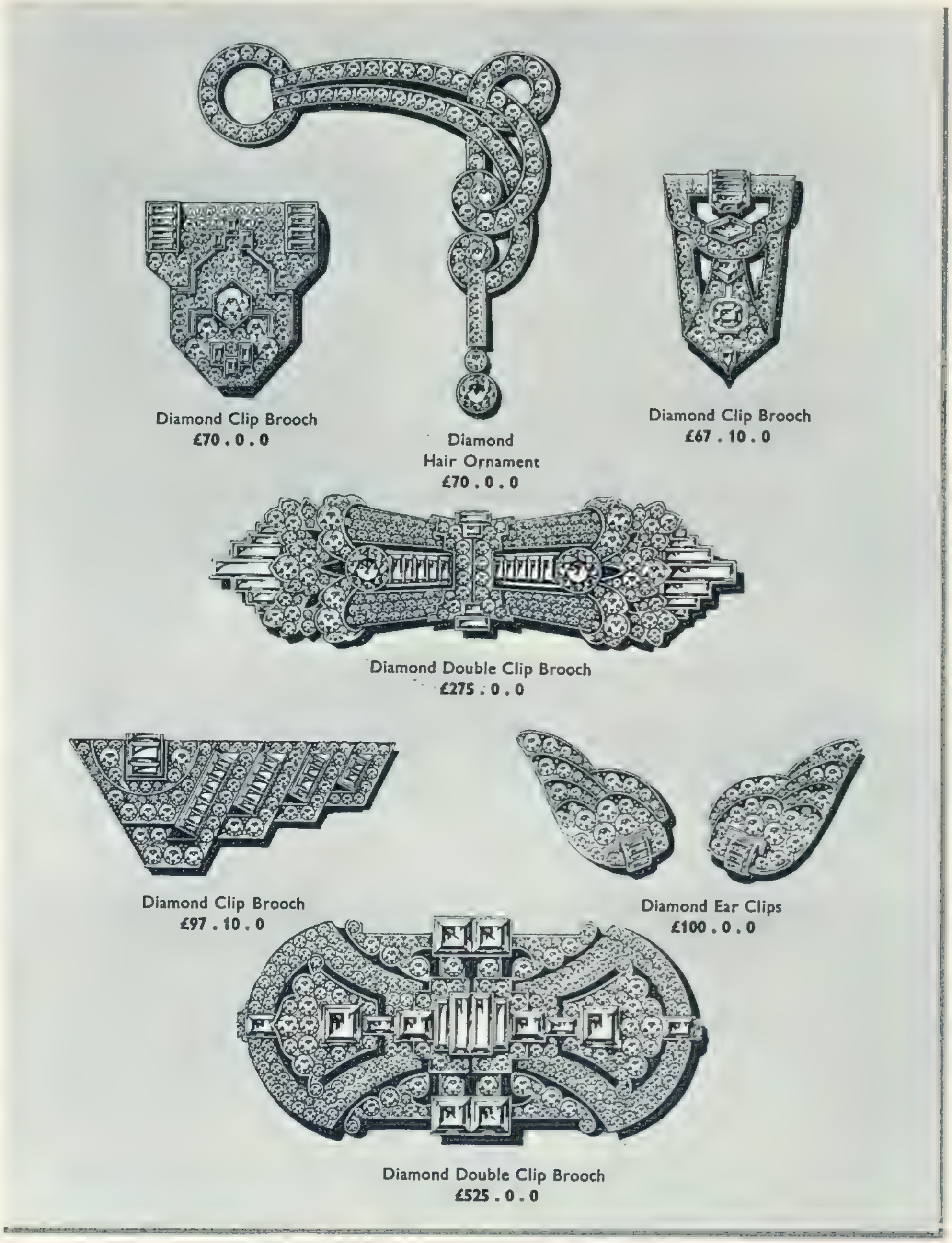

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The Sketch Diary of Fashion

EDITED BY

OLIVE CALEY - SMITH

As gay, as haunting, as romantic as a lilting waltz-song, Houbigant's latest creation, "Présence," is a perfume which harmonises perfectly with the air of delicate luxury which characterises the newest clothes. Light, but subtly clinging, it completes the pictures awakened by a robe-de-style. *Delicately youthful, it enhances the effect of slender, simple frocks. Psychologically as well as artistically, it is a triumph.*

Resting in a case of green moiré, it costs 30s., and to complete the series there is "Présence" Eau de Cologne, complexion powders in nine shades, and a hair lotion.

JOHN EVERARD

GUTMANN

SQUARE NECK, SNUG WAIST, WIDE RIBS

Fitting like the proverbial glove, and as trimly tailored as a classic suit, this burgundy coloured jumper by Smedley is made in a new knotted yarn which gives it a firm crêpe-like effect. The wide ribbing and the square neck are interesting details. Hopsack woven from the same yarn as the jumper is used for the matching skirt, which has two inverted pleats at the front and back, and will never lose its beautifully slender shape.

PLEATED SLEEVES ON A JAP MINK COAT

Light in weight, but wonderfully hard-wearing, this Jap mink coat is made of beautifully matched dark-brown skins worked in a chevron design which creates an illusion of height. It has a luxurious collar of white fox dyed to tone, and interesting sleeves, the fullness above the elbow pleated to give a thrown-back line. A coat that can safely be regarded as an investment. From Peter Robinson, of Oxford Circus, W.

GUIMANN

FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SIR GUY CAMPBELL, BT.

On leaving St. Andrews after Medal Week, I motored down to Skegness for the English Ladies' Close Championship. It was a day of torrential rain. From Stirling—its Castle hidden in the skud—to Carlisle the double screen-wipers never ceased their monotonous "tick-click, tick-click." The road, except where newly dressed, was like glass. From Carlisle, on over Stane Moor to Boroughbridge, the conditions were even worse. But once there—where I broke my journey for the night—all was peace and comfort. I had arranged to meet Colonel Seymour Mellor, that prince of putters, who was also motoring South.

The HON. ESMÉ GLYN, younger sister of Lord Wolverton, and the HON. MRS. CAMPBELL competed in the Parliamentary Ladies' Meeting at the Rochester and Cobham Park course.

Ladies at Seacroft.

From Boroughbridge I continued through Doncaster and across the Lincolnshire Wolds, a very picturesque if tortuous run to Skegness, where I found keen lady golfers dotting the links of the Seacroft Club in the early encounters of their championship. And what a lovely links it is!—very nearly equal to the best. All through the week, as I watched some very interesting play in terribly trying conditions of wind and rain, I realised more and more what ideal golfing country this was, and how easily and cheaply the most could be made of it. The greens were quite remarkably good, and putted as truly and keenly as had those of the Old Course at St. Andrews, than which there could not be higher praise. Nor was that all. The arrangements made in liaison between the Ladies' Golf Union and the Seacroft Club were perfect, and helped to make the meeting an unqualified success. As you know, the holder, Miss Dorothy Pearson, not quite at her best, was beaten in a great match by Mrs. Peppercorn; and eventually Miss Phyllis Wade, a young golfer of real promise, beat Miss Mary Johnson, who was runner-up last year to Miss Pearson. So once again the Cup goes to a club in the South. Next year the North will have every chance to take its revenge, for the Championship will be held at Birkdale, where the great J. H. Taylor has been at work, and has made some new holes that I hear and believe are as good as good can be.

Graceful One-Club Golf.

I had a thrilling experience at Seacroft, for I saw for the first time Miss Gloria Minoprio, the be-trousered one-club golfer. A few years ago I was advised to visit Littlestone, where I should see "a young girl performing prodigies with a cleek." Then last year the same young lady burst upon the startled gaze of Westward Ho! with her cleek, a study in beautifully cut black trousers, white jumper, black hat, and white gloves. I missed that, but this year I was more fortunate. It takes a good deal to make me catch my breath, but I caught it with a snap when I saw Miss Minoprio for the first time. I am not going to discuss her arresting costume or give any opinion as to whether it is ideal for such an occasion. But this I will say: I have never seen a more perfect carriage or walk, or a more graceful figure. Miss Minoprio has a beautiful swing, and is certainly master of her one club, her shots out of the rough and out of bunkers being quite astonishing. But one club has never yet won a championship, and I am confident it never will. On the other hand, playing as she does with it, I should like to see her using just four more—a play club, an iron, a mashie, and a putter. With them I believe she would prove that the enormous clinking, clattering sets now so popular are entirely unnecessary.

Bob Harris and a New Set.

What a wonderful golfer Bob Harris is! The day before the Royal and Ancient Medal he was dead out of form. Then came the wash-out. But on the next day, when the replay took place, by sheer grit and his great knowledge of the game he went round in 75 to tie with Captain Greville Stevens. Now he has won the annual Woking Medal in a fine score, and—here is the fact remarkable—with a brand-new set of clubs with which, so I understand, he had never played before. In addition to being a great player, he is one of the keenest and most expert connoisseurs of clubs. Give him a wet day at St. Andrews, and he's off, ranging the hidden nooks and crannies of the club-maker's shop for seasoned hickory, all through the morning. In the afternoon he will dash away in a motor-car, if possible with some kindred spirit, to see what Nicoll of Leven has to show. I well remember going with him a year or two back and being presented with a most beautiful cleek which I treasure. This year he made such a pilgrimage with another club "fan," Captain Jim Pelham-Burn, who gave his niece, Miss Helen Skene of Pitlour, now Mrs. Murray Prain, a set of these Leven clubs for a wedding present. Those who have seen them say they have never seen anything finer. Perhaps Bob Harris's new set came from the same "atelier."

MISS PHYLLIS WADE (Ferndown), the new English lady champion (left), and MISS DOROTHY PEARSON, the champion of 1933, both competed in the Ladies' Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh organised by the "Bystander." One of the easiest and most convincing first-round victories was that gained by Miss Phyllis Wade and her partner, Miss Dora Lamplough, of Broudstone, who beat Miss J. Lloyd and Mrs. Latham.

During an interval in the play in the Ladies' Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh organised by the "Bystander," MISS DICK PERKINS used the back of her mother as a writing-desk to mark off some notes on a racing edition of the evening paper.

The BEST SPORTS ACTION PICTURES: The Illustrated **Sporting and Dramatic** News; Every Friday.

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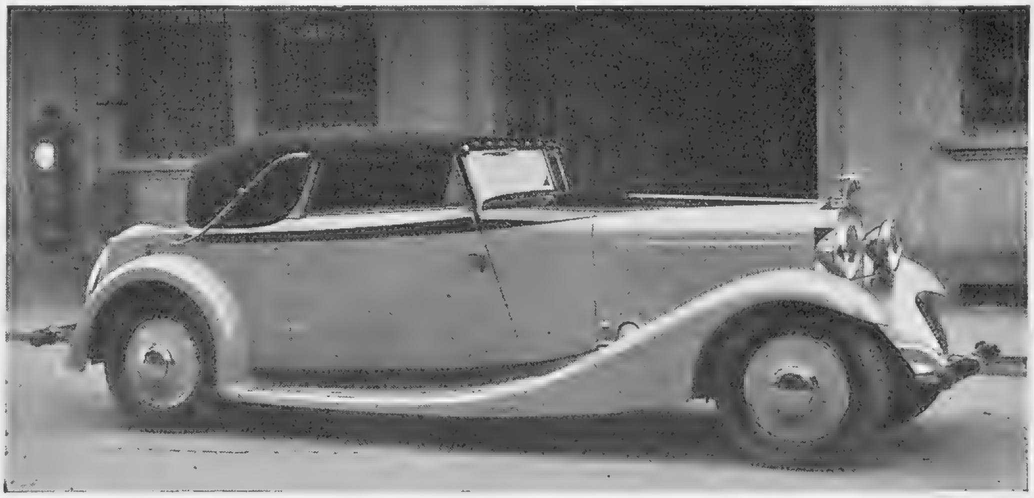
MOTOR DICTA. By H. E. SYMONS.

THOUSANDS of people must already have caught their breath at the sight of the world's most expensive car, the £3750 Hispano-Suiza, displayed at Olympia. The very name of Hispano-Suiza is one to conjure with. Pre-war motorists will recall the lovely little "Alfonso" type, a 15·9-h.p. four-cylinder with an uncommonly good performance. After the war there was the magnificent "Boulogne" Hispano. Now, as ever, the Hispano-Suiza is still a most distinguished carriage. The imposing twelve-cylinder 54-220-h.p. is at the same time a most elegant automobile and a masterpiece of engineering.

It is as fast as it looks. I have driven one myself at 110 m.p.h., at which speed it holds the road as steadily as the proverbial rock, travelling in complete silence. The two twelve-cylinder models at Olympia are really beautiful cars. Each could be certain of winning first prize at any concours d'élégance. The £3750 car is the long-chassis model, with a very smart beige-coloured two-door cabriolet. It seats four or five and is upholstered in brown leather. The other Hispano, costing £200 less, is the "light" chassis with a specially-designed two-door, two-light, fixed head coupé Grand Luxe by Fernandez et Darrin. It is finished in blue and grey, and upholstered in soft grey leather.



Modern motoring perfection is illustrated by this 12-CYLINDER 54-220-h.p. HISPANO-SUIZA fitted with a 2-4 seater drophead Coupé de Grand Luxe by Fernandez et Darrin, of Paris. The price is £3750, and the car is the most expensive in the world.

The 30-120-h.p. six-cylinder model is shown for the first time at Olympia. While retaining the admirable qualities of the larger chassis, this is a lighter, more economical vehicle. On give-and-take roads, thanks to its excellent acceleration, it is almost a match for its bigger brother. One of the examples shown at Olympia is a maroon-painted close-coupled saloon by Freestone and Webb. The price is £1895. The body is built according to "Silent Travel" patents, all the members of the frame being cushioned and insulated from the next by rubber bushes. It seats five in comfort and has a trunk at the rear.

There are also two new Delage models. They are handled in England by the concessionaires for the Hispano-Suiza, Messrs. J. Smith and Co. (Motor Agents), Ltd., of 28, Albemarle Street, London, W.1. One is a 3½-litre, eight-cylinder model with overhead-valve engine, independent front-wheel suspension, and a gear-box giving synchromesh easy-changing on all four gears. The engine, clutch, and gear-box form a single unit, carried in a sub-frame insulated from the chassis by very large rubber bushes, thus absorbing all vibration. The other new chassis is generally similar to the "Eight," but the engine is a six-cylinder unit with a capacity of 2678 c.c.

Very smart is the black-and-chromium eight-cylinder car with a Grand Luxe coupé de ville body by Lancefield Coachworks. This

[Continued overleaf.

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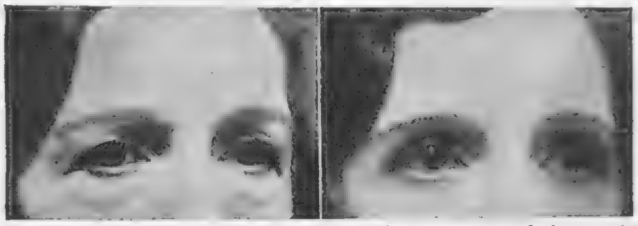

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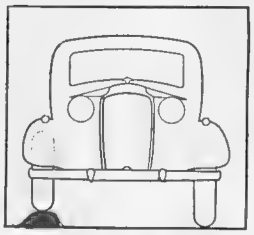

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VAUXHALL LIGHT SIX

This is the 1935 edition of the highly popular Vauxhall Light Six. It is *bigger* with more leg and elbow room in the luxurious interior. Performance is *faster* and the engine is *smoother* thanks to new flexible rubber cushioning. It is a still *safer* car with better brakes, cruciform frame and low centre of gravity due to a new system of body mounting. Then there is Synchro-Mesh easy gear change, No-Draught Ventilation and a new easy jacking system. And, most important of all, Vauxhall engineers have changed *riding into gliding* with Independent Front Wheel Springing.

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Riding becomes gliding in this new Vauxhall Light Six with Independent Front Wheel Springing. Bumps and pot holes simply don't seem to exist. Country by-ways feel like arterial roads. Vauxhall Independent Springing has levelled out every type of road surface. The difference is amazing. You can now read a newspaper comfortably with the speedometer flickering round the mile-a-minute mark. You can lounge back in the rear seat and snatch forty winks without being inconvenienced by every road inequality. Vauxhall has given the medium sized car a degree of riding comfort never attained before.

STANDARD SALOON 12 h.p. (TAX £9 JAN. 1935) **£205.**

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Full particulars from your local Vauxhall dealer or write direct to Vauxhall Motors Ltd., Edgware Road, The Hyde, London, N.W.9.

MOTOR DICTA.—*Continued from page X.*

also is built by the "Silent Travel" method. It is a four-door, four-light five-seater, and is upholstered inside in beige cloth. Another very striking car on this chassis is shown by Fernandez et Darrin. It is a special streamlined saloon and has a sports engine. It is finished in fawn, with fine lines, and upholstered in beige leather. A second French-built streamlined body on the same type chassis is on the stand of Joseph Figoni. This one is painted ivory, with maroon fine lines and special Connolly leather upholstery. It is a two-four-seater close-coupled saloon with two doors. Altogether, there are no fewer than seventeen Delage and Hispano-Suiza cars at Olympia, all, without exception, being deserving of close inspection.

One of the most interesting Renault exhibits is undoubtedly the "Airsport" saloon. This has a partially streamlined enclosed body on a lighter 12-h.p. chassis, and has quite a useful performance. Although the car is short and handy, there is plenty of accommodation for both passengers and luggage. The power unit is a four-cylinder job, with side-by-side valves, of under 1½-litres capacity. A three-speed gear is standard. The equipment includes a combined dial which incorporates speedometer, clock, ammeter, and petrol gauge. Bumpers are fitted front and rear, and safety glass is used all round. There is a sliding roof, and the blind of the rear window can be operated from the driving seat. There is also a luggage-locker in the tail of the body, reached by hinging forward the back cushion of the seat. This "Airsport" saloon is certainly not expensive, costing only £189. A performance of over 60 m.p.h. is obtained, the acceleration is good, and the car can turn in a circle of approximately 30 ft. diameter. Quite obviously a handy and attractive little vehicle.

The NEW ROVER 1935 "TWELVE" SALOON, posed in front of some thatched cottages near Stratford-on-Avon, serves to remind us that the beauty of the up-to-date can harmonise with the charm of the old-world.

Not many motorists know why certain petrols and oils are better than others. Often they fall into the fatal mistake of imagining that any oil will do, little realising that economy on oil eventually results in throwing away money on repairs. A staff of experts on the stand of the Anglo-American Oil Co. at Olympia will explain to all enquirers the relative merits of various forms of petrol and lubricants. In this way the motorist should find his driving more enjoyable, besides being less expensive. The Anglo-American Oil Co., by the way, are the blenders of the world's fastest petrols, such as those used in all the big achievements of the "aces" of motoring and flying, amongst others Sir Malcolm Campbell, when he put up his land speed record; General Balbo, in his great Italian Air Armada's flight from Rome to Chicago; Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith, Colonel Lindbergh, the Schneider Trophy winner, and many others. The Anglo-American Oil Co. introduced the first petrol-pump and also Pratt's Ethyl, while they are the producers of Essolube, the new motor-oil in glass bottles which was used by the winners of twenty-nine out of thirty Grand Prix in its first season, and, more recently, secured eight great International race victories in the course of twelve weeks.

Few cars have been so consistently successful in this season's Concours d'Élégance as the long, low S.S. saloons. These have a grace and fleetness of line in no way belied by their performance. They are, incidentally, among the lowest-priced medium-powered sports cars on the road, for the 80-m.p.h. S.S.I. saloon costs only £345. Where the S.S. scores is in its comfort. This year there is a new "Airline" saloon on the 16-h.p. and 20-h.p. models, while there is also an entirely new 12-h.p. S.S.II. four-cylinder model—a reduced version of the S.S.I. "Six"—selling at £265 as a very smart open four-seater and £270 as a saloon.

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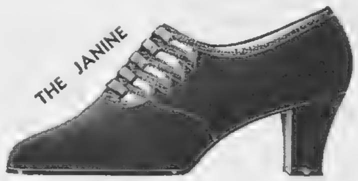

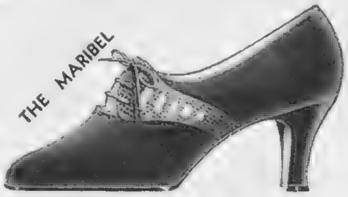

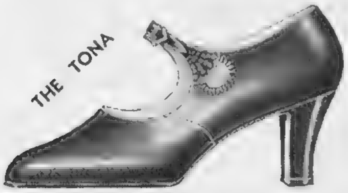

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(See page 144) 17/10/34.

BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DLXXV.

NERVES AND NO-TRUMPS.

I HAVE always been an advocate of the weak no-trump bid, especially at auction, at which game it is a harmless adventure, and as a defensive affair it has no equal—it is, in fact, the only *defensive* original bid on the cards. At contract it is a different story, thanks to the fact that partner is bound to respond on the slimmest of holdings, and a slim dummy, added to a weak declarer, will put the balance on the wrong side. None the less, even at contract I have a warm corner in my heart for the weak no-trump, bearing in mind that there are various degrees of weakness. Thus I infinitely prefer the partner who, with nothing better, will open one no-trump on a doubtful affair, to the partner who passes because he has not a set-up hand with no "hole" in it. For instance, I, personally, always bid one no-trump on three bare aces, and in any position at the table I would like my partner to do the same.

Hal P. Sims, who, in my opinion, is the master mind on bridge, says: "I feel strongly that the opening one no-trump bid should be reserved for the solid, substantial hands which may be made the basis for slam tries and devastating doubles." Who am I, then, to disagree with him and say that the weak no-trump has its place at contract too? But I do say so, and I think so, and I am sure this hanging back for the "slam tries and devastating doubles" type of hand is a loser in the long run. The big mistake in no-trump bidding is the parrot-cry: "One no-trump; two no-trumps; three no-trumps." Why should not the one no-trump "assist" require as many values as a suit assist, and why must opening bidder automatically call game "and take a chance on it," and, of course, go down? Sanely handled, the no-trumper should be invaluable at contract; after all, the partial score of 30 is useful, 70 very convenient, and either is better than going down 50 or 100: and as a defence (if looked upon as that by partner) bid, the original no-trump is a fine effort—how often will you find opponents bid up to a game against no-trumps? And when they do, they would have bid game anyhow.

But Sims and I are not greatly at variance on this subject, for he will bid one no-trump on three aces and a queen (non-vulnerable), and on three aces and queen, knave when vulnerable—always granting that the hand holds no biddable suit. (Of course, as I explained last week, I, personally, pay no attention to the vulnerable position.) Then he will bid no-trumps on—

Spades—Q, 10, x, x.		Spades—Q, 10, 2.
Hearts—A, Q, x.	or	Hearts—Kn, x, x.
Clubs—K, Kn, 10.		Clubs—A, K, x, x, x.
Diamonds—K, Kn, 10.		Diamonds—A, K.

each hand approaching very near to *my* weak no-trump opening; but he *will insist on an honour in the weak spot of the hand*, and so do nearly all contract experts of to-day! To my way of thinking, this proviso is simply laughable, and is but another example of how contract has killed card sense, and not alone that, but how it has shattered the nerves of all players.

Contract players are for ever on the look-out for the worst happening—CARD PLAYERS assume the best, and it is remarkable how card optimism pays. I must repeat—the easiest opponents to beat are those who are afraid to bid; the most difficult are those who *will* bid whether they have the stuff or not. Why should you assume that, unless you hold Q, x in your bad suit, opponents are sure to run that suit and play monkey with your entire holding? It must be at least even money against the triple event (*a*) that opponents hold that suit in great strength; (*b*) that it is opened; (*c*) that partner has no possible stopper in it. None the less, you must not bid one no-trump on Spades—A, Q, x; Hearts—A, Kn, x; Clubs—K, 10, 9, 8; and Diamonds—x, x, x; you must pass a potential game hand because there is no Q or Kn, 10 among those diamonds! I read the other day that to open with one no-trump vulnerable you need all but the strength of a two no-trump non-vulnerable opening! Yes, contract players are becoming, or are being instructed to become, a faint-hearted lot, and the no-trumper, the easiest and most profitable play of all, is being made the scapegoat. "Safety first" is all very well in its way, but it can be carried too far at bridge, as I shall try to show next week.

The solution to the double-dummy problem is held over till next week.

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, OCT. 10.

Across.—3. Ground. 9. Haggle. 10. Eater. 11. Streamer. 12. Franc. 13. Shedding. 14. Aspen. 16. Genoese. 17. Coalesce. 21. Adherent. 23. Engross. 25. Re-lit. 26. Home-made. 29. Ducks. 30. Elliptic. 31. Blast. 32. Erring. 33. Speeds.

Down.—1. Hatch. 2. Agree. 3. Gland. 4. Remains. 5. Unrigged. 6. Defiance. 7. Stampede. 8. Venues. 13. Sucker. 15. Nettle. 18. Anglican. 19. Egotists. 20. Cashmere. 22. Humbled. 24. Nebula. 27. Emirs. 28. Attic. 28a. Doing.

MRS. O. W. DARCH, 1, Duchess Street, W.1., was the sender of the correct solution of the Cross-word Puzzle published in our issue of Oct. 3 to be first opened on Monday morning, Oct. 8. A cheque for £2 has been forwarded to her.

Owing to a printer's error, we much regret that on Fred May's page of caricatures of some officers of The Green Howards (The Yorkshire Regiment), in our issue of last week, the date of the formation of the Regiment was given as 1868. This should be 1668.

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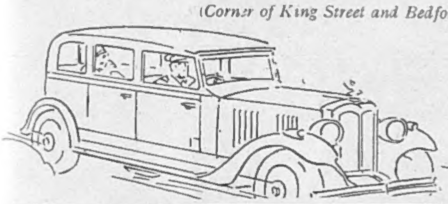

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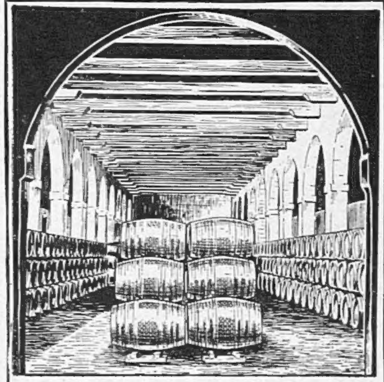

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